

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 332 — FEBRUARY 1, 1927 — NO. 4299



AROUND THE WORLD

EUROPE was reminded of the existence of America during the closing days of 1926 principally by the pronouncement of the Columbia University professors upon the debt and by the cruiser controversy in Congress. Not infrequently the two were associated in public discussion. Naturally every debtor country approves the Columbia pronouncement as at least a step toward its desires, but little faith was expressed in it as a promise of immediate action. English newspapers and weeklies were particularly emphatic upon the latter point. The *Economist* said that England, having settled with her creditors, could watch economic truth slowly permeate the American brain 'with a certain sense of proud detachment,' but that France, not having ratified her accord with America, might still 'attach immediate political importance to any straw which shows a change of wind.' Most French newspapers, however, were equally chary of optimism. Georges le Chartier contented himself with characterizing the pronouncement as 'one of the most promising indica-

tions we have yet seen of progress toward a settlement which satisfies both our wishes and abstract justice.' It was equally natural that the move in Congress to strengthen the Navy should be viewed with disfavor across the water. We do not yet have the Japanese reaction, but that of the British press was frankly critical. To be sure, the *New Statesman* professed to find humor in the picture of a President and his Secretary of the Navy taking opposite sides on a measure of this importance, and considered the situation one that could 'hardly be described except in terms of high comedy.' But most comment was of a soberer sort. The danger of our enlarged naval programme, in the opinion of the *Spectator*, lay in the fact that it is based, 'not on definite and accepted strategic requirements, but on the supposed requirements of American prestige, and is thus likely to present greater difficulties at a new limitation conference than the present Japanese and British programmes.' The *Saturday Review* opined that Congress might be trying to meet Japan's new naval scheme, or to amend American inferiority in cruiser strength to

Great Britain. It felt less sympathy with the suggestion that Washington was manœuvring to hasten European disarmament by frightening foreign governments with the threat of a new armaments competition, in which they would be out of the running when pitted against Uncle Sam's unlimited purse. 'Cruiser building hardly seems a proof of moral superiority, and, if America's plan is to frighten us into disarmament, embarking on a large armament programme is a paradoxical and dangerous method of pursuing it.'

Free State Ireland evidently intends to extend the protectionist policy she adopted experimentally in 1924, for additional duties are said to be in prospect. Already about six million dollars per annum are raised from the customs. Employment in protected manufactures is said to have nearly doubled during the last two years, but statistics of imports do not indicate a marked decline in foreign purchases. In fact, more boots and shoes are imported to-day than ever before; but this may point to increased consumption, rather than to a decline in the local manufacture. The Sinn Fein Party is hard up financially. In a recent appeal for funds it announces that its treasury contains only about two hundred dollars. Commenting upon this, the *Irish Statesman*, which favors the Free State Government, observes, 'Politics are one of the few things for which the Irish people are always willing to pay, provided that the politics are to their liking,' and leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions. In North Ireland the Presbyterian Church has bluntly refused the Premier's plea to drop its campaign for local option, which is recognized as preliminary to an agitation for Prohibition. The new issue thus created threatens to split the Unionist Party.

Great Britain alternates between gloomy self-diagnosis and rosy dreams

of convalescence. The *Westminster Gazette* is indulging in a veritable 'buck-up, brother!' campaign. *Matters British* On the other hand, Sir Alfred Mond told the Institution of Fuel Technology last December that the trouble with the English people was an exaggerated 'no' complex. Too many were always ready 'to say no to everything and to find difficulties and objections to any course you want to pursue.' He declared that such persons not only achieve nothing, but that they are a constant drag on progress. Ergo, the salvation of the nation lies in cultivating a 'yes' complex. Nobody takes even a sporting interest in politics just at present, and the *Outlook* characterized the last session of Parliament as the dullest within living memory. Even the quarrel among the Liberals lacks the interest of a whole-hearted fight. The leaders of that Party got together around dinner tables at the Hotel Cecil last December in an effort to restore unity in their ranks, but they failed to achieve even a surface reconciliation between Lloyd George and Lord Grey, who now, by tacit consent, heads the Asquithian group. The nominal bone of contention is the large Liberal Party fund which Lloyd George keeps securely 'buttoned in his jeans,' but we suspect that it really is the little Welshman's personality and character. In fact, Lord Grey intimated the latter in his talk at the dinner mentioned. The *New Statesman* considered that this speech 'made the split in the Liberal Party quite definite and unhealable,' but it added as an afterthought: 'Perhaps, however, "chip" is rather the word than "split," for so far as all the available evidence goes the Liberal Party throughout the country is solidly enough in favor of making use both of Mr. Lloyd George's energy and of his money.' Conservatives are watching jealously fancied

signs of a rapprochement between Ramsay MacDonald and Lloyd George. Both have been saying nice things about industrial trusts, and, since nationalization is a question of first importance dividing the Liberals from the Laborists, some common meeting-ground might be found in a programme of great industrial amalgamations under the wing and surveillance of the Government. The Labor Party has launched a new campaign in the rural districts, where it still lacks voting strength, with a policy which it hopes will appeal to the farmers. This involves State ownership of the land, to be sure, but with secured tenure to present tenants as long as they keep their holdings cultivated. Another feature is a controlled system of marketing, such as our own Western farmers want, to stabilize agricultural prices at a profitable level. The most exciting political episode of the closing weeks of the year was the bitter electoral battle in the Smethwick district between Oswald Mosley, the Labor candidate, a wealthy aristocrat with a blue-blooded wife, and Mr. Marshall Pike, the Conservative candidate, who is a humble workingman. Mr. Mosley not only held the seat as he was expected to do, but in a three-cornered contest increased the Labor majority over the Conservatives from 1203 to 6582. After the returns were in Mr. Pike consoled himself that the main lesson of Labor's victory was that 'the conquest of the Socialist Party by the capitalists has begun.' Tory newspapers heaped ridicule upon Mr. Mosley and his wife, Lady Cynthia, and the non-Tory press was almost unanimously against them, which gave point to the winner's characterization of his victory as 'the Waterloo of the press lords.' After Mr. Krassin's death a deputation of Tory members of Parliament called upon the Prime

Minister to present a petition, signed by some two hundred of their colleagues, asking the Government not to accept a successor and to restrict the facilities now given to so-called trade delegations of the Soviet Government. To quote the *Tory Morning Post*, England and Soviet Russia are in 'a state of war, none the less deadly because it is not conducted with guns and bayonets, but by propaganda and conspiracy.' Mr. Baldwin intimated to the delegation that the Soviet authorities do not intend to appoint a new representative in London immediately, but would leave Mr. Krassin's work to be carried on by his staff. Naturally it would be difficult to withdraw from Moscow the recognition already granted, and little support was given to the suggestion in the press. Among the obsolete Acts repealed by the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, which has just become a law in Great Britain, are statutes dating back to 1549, forbidding books of Roman Catholic ritual 'ever to be kept in this realm.' Catholic burial is legalized for the first time in four centuries, monastic organizations may legally receive gifts and bequests, and a priest who performs Mass or wears the habit of his order elsewhere than in the usual place of worship is no longer subject to a fine of fifty pounds. Naturally these ancient laws have not been enforced for a considerable period, and their removal from the statute books is mainly a matter of form.

When the Nobel jury awarded peace prizes to Messrs. Dawes, Chamberlain, Briand, and Stresemann, they probably anticipated considerable joking about the matter. Since M. Briand has been honored with the order of the olive branch by both the Vatican and the Nobel committee, the irreverent Paris press professes to regard him as the next candidate for canonization after

Jeanne d'Arc. Some serious criticism upon the award to Mr. Austen Chamberlain appeared in the English papers. We might expect the Radical *New Leader* to exclaim: 'Could irony go further than to present the prize to the Foreign Secretary of a Government which substitutes the Locarno Pact for the Protocol, refuses to sign the potential clause for universal arbitration, protests against the inquiries of the Mandates Commission, makes an ally of Mussolini, proceeds with the Singapore dock, denies Egypt independence and India self-government, and takes pride in the fact that it rules the seas and declines to surrender the right of blockade?' It is rather more surprising to find the *Saturday Review*, which is a champion of the present Government, although it reserves wide latitude of independent criticism, qualifying its approval of the award by the remark that Mr. Chamberlain 'appears to have forgotten that it was the pressure of public opinion which compelled him to abandon his own dangerous plan for a Franco-British alliance in favor of the Locarno scheme'; and adding that there is some color to the fear that he 'is trying to build up a sort of Supreme Council of the four European Great Powers which shall do in secret all the work that should be done by the League Council in public.'

French Monarchs and ultra-Nationalists are somewhat dismayed by the attitude of pronounced disapproval which the Vatican has assumed toward their attempt to ally religion with reactionary politics. In an allocution pronounced just before Christmas at a secret consistory the Pope explicitly condemned Léon Daudet's French Royalist organ, *L'Action Française*. This disfavor, coupled as it has been with the Vatican's marked approval of the peace policies of their

opponents, — especially with respect to Germany, — has put a decided damper upon opposition to M. Briand.

The latest by-elections in France have not been favorable to the radicals; but France's senatorial elections resulted in a Communist invasion of her staid and conservative Upper House for the first time in its history, and registered gains for the Left and the Left Centre which may weaken Poincaré's hold upon the Government. Millerand's dramatic defeat in Paris likewise indicates that the radical-pacifist tide is still rising. Unemployment keeps the problem of dealing with France's foreign contract-laborers to the fore. Here the Communists face an embarrassing dilemma: as ultra-internationalists they advocate the unrestricted movement of labor wheresoever it likes; but as a workingman's party they cannot see their own members unemployed because foreigners working at lower wages are ready to take all the jobs available. *Humanité*, the Communist organ, demands that employers shall be compelled by law to pay the same rates of wages to foreigners as to Frenchmen, and that the importation of contract labor shall cease at once.

Although the Marx Cabinet was overthrown shortly before the holidays by a combination of Socialists and extreme Conservatives, up to the present writing its successor has not been appointed. Probably the Nationalists would have preferred to see an immediate reconstruction, as time works in favor of the Moderates; but neither President Hindenburg nor the country seems to have been in favor of a hasty settlement. When the Marx Cabinet succeeded the second Luther Cabinet on the sixteenth of last May, its predecessor went out of office over the flag ques-

tion. The present Cabinet was overthrown because the Social Democrats suspected — and, indeed, seemed to have proved — that the Reichswehr had maintained improper relations with secret reactionary associations in Germany and with military elements in Soviet Russia. Such paradoxes occasionally occur, where exponents of violence flock together regardless of other differences of opinion. Like all minority centrist governments, the Marx Ministry wavered between the Right and the Left, leaning now on one side and now on the other, and when both simultaneously withdrew their support it was bound to fall. Mr. Stresemann, who is already beginning to be regarded as Germany's historical leader, is expected to retain the Foreign portfolio whatever may befall his colleagues, and is scheduled to meet Mussolini during his winter vacation in Southern Europe. After several years' discussion, Germany has adopted an industrial arbitration law promoted by the Social Democrats, somewhat along the lines familiar in New Zealand and Australia. The new Act provides for tribunals of first instance entirely independent of ordinary courts, from which professional lawyers are excluded. Appeals may be taken, however, to the regular *Landgerichte* and an even higher tribunal.

Dissension continues rife in the Communist Party. We publish elsewhere in this issue its caucus decision on the points at issue. To some the controversy spells the death agony of World Revolution propaganda, to others the expiring struggle of applied Communist economics. In any case, Russia has ceased to be a one-party country, and probably will remain so unless the Stalin-Rykov-Kalinin group now in power makes a clean sweep of Zinoviev,

Trotski, Kamenev, and its other opponents.

Italy is quite as much an object of suspicion with European editors as is

The Italian Interrogation Point

Soviet Russia. We are less qualified to speak of the opinion of the chanceries. Just how serious the recent tension was between Italy and France on the Riviera border is hard to decide, because the topic was overaluring for alarmist writers. Franco-Italian rivalry in the Balkans and the Danube valley is a more serious question, and the network of diplomatic intrigue being spun in that region defies unraveling. Mussolini has shown himself a model of prudence in his late public utterances. Some attribute this to a confidential report by his military advisers that Italy will not be in a position to wage a foreign war for at least five years to come. It could not do so then without the active aid of a great sea Power like Great Britain. Yet those who refuse to recognize any evidence of sanity in Mussolini whisper that his haste to conclude treaties of friendship and arbitration with some of his neighbors, and his recent professions of pacifism, are due to his success in obtaining British consent to an Italian adventure in Asia Minor. That suggestion is scouted by the *Saturday Review*, which believes the real reason for his abandoning, at least temporarily, his warlike policy is certain assurances he has received of concessions from Great Britain, Germany, and France, to be obtained by peaceful measures.

Resentment at Poland's occupation of Vilno is the moving cause of the Lithuanian revolution in *Turmoil* which the Conservative-Democratic Party, assisted by the Army, easily overthrew a weak Government of a mildly pink com-

plexion. This Government had concluded some months ago a treaty with Russia in which Moscow recognized Lithuania's right to Vilno. Poland at once protested, and was promptly reassured by the Soviet Government's declaration that the territorial clauses of the Russo-Polish Treaty of 1921, recognizing Poland's occupation of Vilno, still held good. This naturally dismayed Lithuania, and, though the Government that concluded the Russian treaty has little enough sympathy with Bolshevism, its failure to use Russia as a means of regaining Vilno shattered its prestige.

Other immediate causes hastened the coup d'état. It was rumored, for instance, that the Communists were planning to revolt on their own hook at any moment. This led the Labor *Daily Herald* first to suggest that perhaps the coup d'état was organized by anti-Red elements outside Lithuania. In a few days, however, this paper was whistling a different tune, having discovered that the Communist uprising was not genuinely Red but had been planned by big Lithuanian landlords who wanted to give Poland an excuse to intervene and restore, not only order, but their own confiscated estates. The present Cabinet is headed by the anti-Polish Professor Valdemaras, who speaks fifteen languages, and the new President, Smetona, was the first occupant of that office after the Lithuanian Republic was established.

If we can believe the reports of a group of English Labor M.P.'s just back from Poland, Lithuania's fear of her large neighbor has certain justification. The present Government, like all others, comes down with a heavy hand on individuals holding unorthodox political views. Newspapers must be submitted to the police before being run through the press.

The lot of the arrested suspects is particularly hard. Frequently prisoners have to wait from three to five years before coming to trial, during which time they live like pigs except that pigs get enough to eat. After the sentence is passed, however, their living conditions greatly improve.

Thanks partly to the success of his policies, and partly to his high-handed election methods, Count Bethlen has returned to power with a majority in Parliament of 208 to 37. It is significant that Budapest, where the right to vote and the secret ballot are well established, gave the Government twelve supporters and thirteen opponents, six of whom were Liberals and seven Social Democrats. Count Albert Apponyi, Hungary's great Conservative statesman, said: 'I consider it morally impossible to hold another election with existing election methods, unless we are to drift consciously toward dictatorship.' Certainly some results of the present system are not gratifying, and even *Pester Lloyd*, the Government organ, criticizes the choice of one Ivan Hejjas, a White terrorist, who was responsible for no little bloodshed, and repeatedly threatens Jewish pogroms and a march of armed peasants on 'vicious Budapest.'

With resentment against the Italo-Albanian treaty simmering at Belgrade,

Yugoslavia Balkan affairs have taken and *Albania* on their habitually lurid hue. How bitter the Serbian feeling against Italy is can be judged from the comments in *Politika*, an independent Belgrade paper: 'The first outburst in rebellious Albania will call forth the armed forces of Italy. Thus Italian troops can appear at any moment on our frontier.' Ahmed Beg Zogu, who negotiated the treaty on behalf of Albania, is represented as a wolf in

sheep's
Belgian
her i
to p
Adria
Polit
begin
wide
heart
press
Yugo
Italy
beara
deaf
been
and t

Loc
view,
reduc
Power
Yugo
begin
cow.
serves
'Great
the pr
that
scene,
closer
youthl
see in
Russia
puts t

'Th
that
and R
eign
tested
resign
the C
slavia
line t
spont
French
Italy.
just li
a peac
being ne

sheep's clothing, since he assured Belgrade two years ago that he had her interests at heart. 'Italy's desire to possess the eastern shore of the Adriatic is being realized,' continues *Politika*. 'Fiume and Zara were a beginning. Albania now provides a wide base for Italy's advance into the heart of the Balkans.' The Italian press, on the other hand, says that Yugoslavia is the aggressor, and that Italy has acted with marvelous forbearance. Belgrade is urged to turn a deaf ear to all the criticism that has been leveled against Fascist militarism, and to have faith in Mussolini.

Looked at from a larger point of view, the present Balkan dispute can be reduced to rivalry between the Great Powers. Italy is building a ring around Yugoslavia, which, in the meantime, is beginning to cast sheep's eyes at Moscow. Pašić, who has just died, was a fervent Slavophile, whose loyalty to the 'Great White Tsar' made him hostile to the present Russian Government. Now that he has been removed from the scene, Belgrade and Moscow may come closer together — a consummation devoutly wished for by the French, who see in Yugoslavia a possible bridge to Russia. The *Nation* and *Athenaeum* puts the matter this way: —

'The most serious repercussion is that upon the relations between Italy and France. When the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, Monsieur Ninčić, protested against the Treaty of Tirana by resigning, and when, in consequence, the Coalition Government in Yugoslavia fell, the Italian press took the line that this demonstration was not spontaneous, but was inspired by French diplomacy. At this moment the Italians are trying to see themselves — just like the Germans before 1914 — as a peaceful, unaggressive nation which is being malevolently encircled by wicked neighbors. For the first time since the

Napoleonic Wars, there is tension along the Franco-Italian frontier. This is a very serious matter for Europe.'

The death of Pašić not only augurs new developments in the Balkans, but it will also hasten the publication of his book of memoirs, which is said to contain the truth about the Serajevo murder in 1914. Shortly before his death the author declared that he was satisfied that no document was missing from his work. At the same time another book, describing the same period, entitled *The War As I Saw It*, by the Hapsburg Archduke Joseph, will also appear. This contains a telegram from the German ex-Emperor insisting that Austria should bear the brunt of the Russian campaign.

Rumania, whose friendship Yugoslavia is cultivating, has an equally divided loyalty toward France, Yugoslavia, and Italy, but she is very uneasy on the subject of Russia. It is rumored that the Turks have confidentially agreed to let the Russian submarines now building in Western Europe through the Bosphorus, while the warships of other nations will be barred. Thus Russia could bottle up the entire Black Sea trade of Rumania, whose hopes for Italian protection under such circumstances would probably go glimmering.

Turkey, though now a strictly Nationalist State, still takes an historical interest in Albania, and the *Angora's Anxieties* establishment of what she regards as virtually an Italian protectorate over that country by the Tirana Treaty has strengthened her previous distrust of the *Duce's* activities. Last December the Turkish Foreign Minister gathered at Angora his country's ambassadors to Rome, London, and Athens, nominally to discuss Turkey's relations to the League. His Government is said to be wavering between taking cover in that body against

possible Italian aggression, and placing reliance on Soviet support. As an additional and more immediate guaranty of safety Turkey is strengthening her navy and coast defenses. Little of political interest is reported from India pending developments expected to follow the last elections. A note of pathos marks, however, the following communication from Gandhi, printed in a late number of his paper, *Young India*:—

'With my resumed traveling, if it has to be continued, begins my sorrow—crowds coming to have *darshan* with unmistakable affection in their bright eyes and smiling faces, but doing nothing of what I have ceaselessly poured into their ears. On the fourth instant girls and boys presented to me in the early morning hours at Jalgaon their neatly made strands of hand-spun yarn, but with a few honorable exceptions they themselves were dressed in mill-made cloth.'

The two outstanding features of the Oriental situation during the last two weeks are the continued *China and Japan* advance of the Cantonese

Nationalist forces, who have secured quasi recognition from the British Minister, and the British Government's sudden seizure of the initiative in Western diplomacy in the Orient by a definite declaration of policy toward China. Although we cannot quote Continental comment until our next issue, France and Italy seem averse to this policy, as involving recognition of two Chinese governments; but the note is remarkable for its breadth of view and liberal attitude toward China's aspirations. It concedes most things for which the Nationalists have contended in respect to treaty rights, subject only to qualifications which most responsible Chinese themselves accept. What the ultimate effect of this overture upon Chinese opinion will be it is impossible

to tell at present writing, but the Nationalists have promptly repudiated it as a Greek gift designed to hasten the partitioning of their country; for they will have no recognition or revenues bestowed on Chang Tso-lin. Russian agitators will undoubtedly redouble their efforts to discredit the British, and the result of their work is probably visible in the Hankow riots. Naturally, with every mile the Cantonese march toward Peking, new difficulties, both military and administrative, arise in their path. Their great test will arrive when it comes to setting up strong, stable, and efficient government in the broadening territories under their control, and maintaining discipline within their own ranks. Lord Inchcape, chairman of the Peninsula and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, fluttered his orthodox directors when he expressed, at the Company's last annual meeting, the belief that 'the antagonism to the British in China is largely due to the sending of our missionaries to that country. Christian missionary efforts among uncivilized people are doubtless fully justified, but China's ancient faiths are as sacred to the Chinese as Christianity to ourselves, and the sooner our well-meaning people give up their crusade in India and China the better it will be for all.' After which the pugnacious lord pitched into Lloyd George for his recent criticism of British imperialism in China. The *Outlook* declared that it would not believe that the chairman of the P. and O. was making a 'considered pronouncement' on the missionary subject until 'that admirable line advertises that it grants free passages home to all missionaries in Asia, and refuses outward passages to all missionaries on any terms whatever.'

Japan mourns the death of the Emperor Yoshihito, who died in the early hours of Christmas Day, after

a reign of slightly over fourteen years. For obvious reasons, that reign does not compare in achievement and historical significance with the Meiji period, during which Japan emerged from isolation and became a modern nation. No change in political policies is expected to attend the succession of Prince Hirohito to the throne. His Government will face the great task of making manhood suffrage a success. That will be like adjusting an old machine to a new, untried, and powerful prime mover — the political will of the hitherto disfranchised masses. How the latter will respond to their responsibilities, and how the machinery itself will respond to the new conditions under which it will be forced to work, are of course unanswered questions. We have repeatedly referred to the efforts made during the past year to organize a Workers' and Peasants' Party, but that more or less inchoate organization is already divided by a wide scission between Radicals and Conservatives within its own ranks. During what will probably prove a slow and costly course of popular political education we may expect party life in Japan to present a confused picture. The reaction of this upon the country's administrative efficiency and foreign policies it is impossible to predict.

Now that the balance of the Imperial Conference has been struck, at least provisionally, the Conservatives in Canada criticize Mr. Mackenzie King for assenting to a document which they claim endangers Imperial unity, while opponents of General Hertzog in South Africa congratulate him upon an arrangement which bids fair to bridge over the old gulf between Boer Separatists and British Imperialists. The Australian Labor Party would go much further than Mr. Bruce on the path toward Dominion autonomy, and rec-

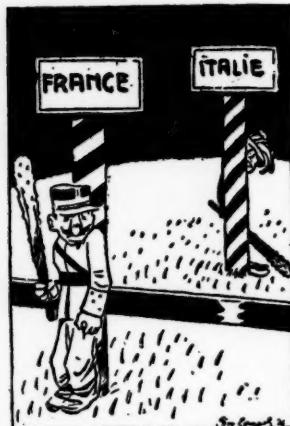
ommends the abolition of all state governorships. Queensland has not had a governor now for nearly a year, and is doing very well during the interregnum.

We return to the Mexico-Nicaragua situation in this issue with still another *Latin America* article, printed under 'In-surgent Echoes,' espousing the Sacasa cause in the latter country. The weakness of our State Department's case, at least as presented to the average reader in the press, is in omitting entirely the real point at issue there, which is: Who is the constitutional President of Nicaragua? Ultimately our influence in Latin America must be based upon moral authority, and not upon force. Yet a purely legalistic interpretation of political conditions in some Latin-American countries is misleading. We naturally apply to those nations the same canons that we should to the United States, Great Britain, or a British self-governing Dominion, when conditions by no means run parallel. We would suggest to a reader having sufficient command of Spanish and desiring a vivid impression of Central American politics at their worst and when free from outside restraint to read a little book published in Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, in 1912. Its author is Salvador Mendieta, and its title *Cuentos Caciquistas Centro Americanos*. Two books published at Guatemala in 1925 and 1926 respectively, the former *La Oficina de Paz de Orolandia*, by Rafael Arevalo Martinez, and the latter *La Serena Inquietud*, by G. Aleman Bolanos, also throw light upon these conditions from different angles. One thing is certain — our attitude in Mexico and Nicaragua, and to some extent in Panama in connection with the recent treaty of alliance with that country, does not have the endorsement of Latin-American or transatlantic opin-

ion. The London *Daily Telegraph*, which is almost invariably moderate and friendly in its comment upon American affairs, devotes a long leader to the growing dissatisfaction of the Latin-American republics with the political and economic predominance of our country in their affairs. It recognizes that this 'hegemony' has been brought about more by the irresistible force of circumstances than by policy; but a condition is seldom found ac-

ceptable merely because it is inevitable.' Our treaty with Panama finds favor in England, where it gives countenance to the British claim for a free hand on the Suez Canal. Moreover, most maritime countries welcome our Government's determination to establish its secure control over the Panama waterway, because they wish to be assured of the Canal's proper maintenance and uninterrupted operation.

NEIGHBORLY RELATIONS



A RIVIERA IDYL
— *Izvestia*, Moscow

AN ASIATIC LEAGUE OF NATIONS



MOSCOW CUTS THE CHEESE
— *North China Herald*, Shanghai

THE
listic,

GERMAN
ficiary
cally,
and in
lowed
Treaty
however
ment
materi
designe
hegemo
racy.
portion
between
ism an
are no
Italy i
take in
ther d
Anglo-
sistible
capital
other r
cies an
the po
not on
tion, b
policies
ular th
make t
politic

¹ From
December

INSURGENT ECHOES

I. A PLUTOCRATIC OFFENSIVE¹

BY FRANCESCO CAPPOLA

[THE author is a leading Italian publicist, of the ultra-Fascist school.]

GERMANY is the chief immediate beneficiary, both politically and economically, of the Locarno and Thoiry pacts and international trusts that have followed the complete collapse of the Treaty of Versailles. In a deeper sense, however, these are a logical development of Protestant morality and a materialist interpretation of history, designed to favor Anglo-Saxon world hegemony and international plutocracy. I have discussed elsewhere the portentous crisis in the secular struggle between Anglo-Germanic Protestantism and Latin Catholicism which we are now witnessing, and the part that Italy in particular is called upon to take in that struggle. It needs no further demonstration to show that the Anglo-Saxon Powers, assisted by irresistible accumulations of international capital which enable them to force other nations to stabilize their currencies and to subordinate their money to the pound sterling and the dollar, plan not only to crush commercial competition, but also to dictate the financial policies of other Powers, and in particular their military budgets, and thus to make themselves masters of the world's political destinies. For if the Anglo-

Teutonic nations succeed in imposing upon the world the theories and ethics of Geneva, which are permeated with their own spirit, and in inflicting the moral code of Locarno and Thoiry on all humanity, they will be able to compel a reduction of armaments which will leave their own naval superiority intact and will rivet their bonds upon all other nations. In a word, the Anglo-Saxons, by allying themselves with Germany, their continental cousin, and enslaving France, isolating Italy, and excommunicating Spain and South America, can crush the resistance of the Latins.

As we watch international plutocracy usurping control of European policies, and through them of world policies, we begin to realize that we are in the presence of an historical movement of incalculable importance, which exalts material interests, material ideals, and materialist morality, at the expense of venerable social and political traditions, patriotic ideals, religious faith, codes of honor, and every noble sentiment called forth by the Great War and consecrated by our victory. Fundamentally, the conflict is between the same principles that divided the Conservatives and Socialists before the war. Plutocracy and Socialism are, in final analysis, fruits of the same materialist philosophy. Both regard wealth not only as an instrument but also as

¹ From *La Tribuna* (Rome Fascist daily), December 15

an end in itself. They identify happiness with physical comfort. They measure the greatness of nations by economic standards. Insensible to the dignity and supreme worth of ideals, religious passion, moral sentiment, patriotism, and tradition, — that is, blind to the spiritual values which are primal forces in the history of nations and of individuals, — they exalt economic values above all others and make them the sole arbiters of man's destiny. . . .

For a time the war, with its ardent emotions and its lofty appeal to the higher instincts and nobler passions of the people, checked this rising tide of materialism and seemed to turn it back. But when a misused victory, empoisoned by Wilson's ideology, seemed to spell the bankruptcy of the

war and its heroic sacrifice, materialism again became rampant. It first manifested itself in a great wave of Socialism, which reached its peak in the semi-Asiatic Communism of Russia, but swept across the entire world. A halt was called to that madness by great patriotic revivals in Italy, Hungary, and Spain. Its fury abated in Germany under the pressure of dire necessity. England and France were partially immunized against it by a counterinfection of social democracy. Nevertheless it now reappears, no less international and internationalist than before, but even more insidious and perilous, as world plutocracy. Upon our success in dealing with this new phase of materialist madness depends largely the future of European civilization, and Italy's place in the world.

II. A SOVIET CHIEF ON THE DEFENSIVE²

BY COMRADE STALIN

[THIS report to the last Convention of the Communist Party of Russia throws light upon the profound differences that now divide the Russian Bolsheviks.]

FIRST: The Opposition in the Communist Party of Soviet Russia started out with the gravest accusations against the Party. It declared that the Party 'had strayed into a path of opportunism,' that the policy of the Party 'was diverging from the class lines of the Revolution,' that the Party was degenerating, that it was headed toward a *Thermidor*, that our Government had ceased to be a proletarian State. Justifying itself with

² From *Die Rote Fahne* (Berlin official Communist daily), December 14

these accusations, the Opposition prepared the ground for organizing inside the Party a new system of cells parallel with our Communist cells, and a new central organization parallel with our present organization. Sheltered by the old Party, it was trying to build up a new Party. One member of the Opposition openly asserted that our Party had identified its interests with those of the capitalists, and that it was necessary, therefore, to organize a new 'Proletarian Party' side by side with the existing Party. The Opposition in the Central Committee voted against excluding this man, which proves that the Opposition assumed moral responsibility for his statements and proposals. From this we conclude that the Oppo-

sition in the Communist Party of Soviet Russia schemed to organize an entirely new Party.

Second: Proceeding from the accusations which the Opposition brought against our Party, the 'Ultra-Lefts' in Germany proceeded to draw further conclusions. You all know that these Ultra-Lefts in Germany claim that our socialized industries are 'merely capitalist industries,' that they accuse our Party of being run by profiteers, that they call the Third International an 'opportunist organization,' and that, on a basis of all these charges, they preach the necessity of a 'new revolution' against the present authorities in Soviet Russia. It is useless for the Opposition here in Russia to plead that it is not responsible for what they say over in Germany. The German programme is the logical outcome of the accusations which the leaders of the Russian Opposition bring against our Party. If you adopt their premises there is no way of escaping the conclusion that a new revolution must be started against the profiteering Moscow Government. . . . Furthermore, everyone knows that the German Ultra-Lefts are supporters of the Opposition in the Russian Communist Party.

Third: The same thing is true with respect to the supporters of the Opposition in France. Proceeding from the assumption upon which our Opposition in Russia bases its charges against the Party, the French Ultra-Lefts conclude that the original enemy of the Revolution is the Party bureaucracy, that our Party in Russia stands at the head of that bureaucracy, that the only salvation for Communism lies in a new revolution against the people now managing the Party—that is, a revolution primarily directed against its administrative organization. In Germany they want a new revolution against the existing Government in

Soviet Russia. In France they want a new revolution against the existing Party management. But you cannot have a new revolution without a special Party to undertake it, so the first thing to do is to organize a new Party. It makes no difference if the Opposition here disclaims responsibility for what its friends may do over in France. Everyone knows that the Ultra-Lefts over there are ardent supporters of our Opposition here, and particularly of the Trotsky clique.

From all this it is evident that the true, immediate purpose of the Opposition is to undermine and disintegrate the Russian Communist Party in order to erect a new Party of its own upon the ruins. Consequently it is no mere accident that the so-called 'Russian question' should be so much discussed in the Social-Democratic and bourgeois press of Western Europe. The growth of Socialism in the Soviet Union and of the Communist movement in the West has produced a great commotion in the ranks of the bourgeoisie and their agents, the Social Democrats. Two hostile armies now face each other over this Russian question—on one side the enemies of the Soviet Union, on the other its devoted friends. The enemies are endeavoring to propagate among the masses ideas and sentiments inimical to the dictatorship of the proletariat. Our friends, on the other hand, are trying to strengthen the loyalty of the masses to such a dictatorship and to rally them to the defense of the Soviet Republic. Why do the Social Democrats and Cadets among the Russian *émigrés* constantly praise our Opposition? Their leaders extol it for combating a workers' and peasants' bloc. Prominent Russian Mensheviks, who want to restore capitalism in the Soviet Union, point out that the Opposition in the Russian Communist Party repeats al-

most verbatim in its criticism of the existing system what the Social Democrats of Western Europe are saying, and is thus preparing the minds of the people to accept the practical programme of the Social Democrats. One of them writes that the Opposition is sowing the seeds of these ideas, not only among the working people in general, but in particular among the Communist working class, and that they look forward to reaping a Social-Democratic harvest. Miliukov, the Cadet leader, congratulates the Opposition for making itself the mouth-piece of a large section of the politically discontented population, and declares that this Opposition is a terrible enemy of the Soviet Power, stalking its every move and ready to spring upon it and throttle it before it is aware.

Thus the logic of partisan warfare has induced the Opposition to range itself side by side with the opponents and enemies of a dictatorship of the proletariat. Naturally the Opposition did not desire this, but the duress of battle is stronger than the human will. By starting partisan warfare, the Opposition was inevitably forced to join the enemies of a proletarian dictatorship.

This effort of the Opposition to split the Party continued, however, only a few months — up to the beginning of last October. It was then forced to admit defeat, and to beat a hasty

retreat, for the following reasons:—

First: It soon became evident that the Opposition could not recruit an army of supporters in Russia itself. The idea of organizing a new Party was a tempting one, but as soon as it was seen that there were no recruits willing to join a new Party, nothing remained but to abandon the effort.

Second: As soon as the Opposition started its guerrilla warfare, disreputable elements of every sort both in Russia and in Western Europe rallied to its standard. The Social Democrats and the Cadets began to praise it, and thus immediately discredited it among the working people. So the Opposition had to choose between accepting the praise and congratulation of our enemies as its just due and beating a quick retreat to avoid compromising itself by that praise. It chose the latter course.

Third: It immediately appeared that conditions in the Soviet Union were much better than the Opposition had assumed, and that the rank and file of the Party were more alert, intelligent, and resolute than the Opposition had at first imagined. If there had been a real crisis in Russia, if the working people had really been profoundly discontented, if the Party had lost confidence in itself, the Opposition would not have retreated. But the outcome showed that the Opposition had counted without its host.

III. THE AWAKENING OF THE ORIENT³

BY DEPUTY MAHMOUD BEY

THE Asiatic world is on the move. Many significant events, some brusque

³ *L'Echo de Turquie* (Constantinople Independent daily), October 4

and brutal, others gradual and gentle, impress this truth upon us.

Why have the peoples of the Orient so long endured the sufferings that

have bent
yoke
and
civi
man
call
spirit
num
defen
due
tions
their
subje
that t
to a p
right

Con
key is
occu
Her
light
of fir
and r
dwell

Our
not m
ly lag
and w
fact.
ward
the W
consci
not th
acknow
blame
hasten
time w

Sing
World
ing o
ing is
in its
know
and c
organ
promot
ill of
of tho

VOL. 53

have been their lot? Why have they bent their necks patiently under the yoke of tyrannical monarchs, chieftains, and foreigners? It is because modern civilization, with its inexorable demands, has paralyzed them both physically and morally. That explains their spirit of resignation, which has numbed their will and robbed them of defense. This passivity, this apathy, is due to the fact that the Oriental nations have believed for generations that their predestined fate was slavery and subjection. They have never realized that they, like other men, were entitled to a place in the sun, that they had the right to enjoy a full, free life.

Consequently the awakening of Turkey is the most striking thing that has occurred among the Eastern nations. Her revolution shines like a beacon light over the rest of Asia. It is a pillar of fire, a guiding torch, to our racial and religious brethren wherever they dwell.

Our rôle of pioneers, however, must not make us vainglorious. We are clearly laggards on the path of progress, and we should feel humbled by that fact. Why have we remained so backward compared with the peoples of the West? A searching examination of conscience will convince us that this is not the fault of others. Let us frankly acknowledge that we ourselves are to blame for our own misfortunes, and hasten our steps to make up for the time we have lost.

Singular phenomenon! The Western World refuses to recognize the awakening of the East, although that awakening is clearly evident and is well defined in its particulars. Europeans who know our country only from the biased and critical writings of persons and organizations having selfish interests to promote may be excused for thinking ill of us. What are we to say, however, of those Westerners who have actually

seen our country and have even dwelt among us? They too chime in: 'This effervescence in the Near East is something abnormal. It is unnatural. Not only Turkey, but the whole Moslem world, has gone mad.' So they waver between fear and skepticism.

Such an attitude naturally astounds us. We feel that the logical series of deliberate reforms which we have put into effect should enable foreigners to make reasonable and hopeful deductions regarding our aims and prospects. A new flame burns brightly in the soul of the East. It is love of independence, of political and social freedom. Today the number of purchasable men among us is negligible compared with those who guard jealously their private and national honor. No longer can we be beguiled by beautiful but empty promises or forced to bow before the threats of strangers. Henceforth the Orient thinks for itself. It has definite ideals, and men capable of pressing steadfastly toward them. Physical force cannot subdue the power of thought or the love of higher things. When the men who direct the destinies of nations have fully learned this truth there will be more peace in the world.

Unhappily, we Turks have not yet been able to convince the Western nations with whom we come in contact of the reality of our revolution, or of the strength of our determination to progress. Few foreigners know Turkey as she really is. Our task is extremely difficult, for not only must we accomplish reforms of every kind, but we must simultaneously show the world what we are doing and correct its faulty judgment of us.

Everyone knows what such words as 'England,' 'France,' and 'Germany' mean. They convey a clear idea of the people of those countries, their civilization, their culture, and their customs. That gives such nations an immense

advantage. We must strive to make the word 'Turkey' arouse in the minds of every hearer the same clear, definite idea of a modern and progressive nation.

We have just adopted the Swiss civil code, with all its provisions concerning marriage. We have thoroughly reformed our social institutions. But the world at large is unaware of our transformation. I do not refer merely to America and one or two other countries who still defer reestablishing diplomatic intercourse with us. On my

last visit to Europe I was astonished and irritated to discover that even the Germans, with whom we had for many years close commercial, military, and political relations, are equally ignorant of what has happened in our country. Only two months ago I took my wife to consult an eminent physician in Germany — a man who holds a chair in a great university. After the consultation the Professor said to me *sotto voce*, in the most matter-of-fact way in the world: 'But of course you still have other women in your harem.'

IV. MEXICO AND NICARAGUA⁴

BY DOCTOR PEDRO D'ALBA

[AN amusing account of conditions in Managua during the session of the packed Congress here mentioned was published in the *Living Age* of February 20, 1926.]

OUR relations with Central America are not determined merely by conventional friendliness and good will, such as normally prevails among nations, but also by a vivid consciousness of our historical, racial, and political kinship. We are all children of the same conquest; we are products of the same civilization grafted upon the same primitive culture. We are hampered by the same unhappy political inheritance from our colonial age; we face the same moral and economic problems; we honor the same heroes of our independence; we shared the same utopian dreams when that independence was won. Saving the Creole from his social and political abasement, lifting the In-

dian out of his primitive degradation, all that vast and alluring programme of continental and international regeneration with which the great Bolívar dazzled the eyes of our ancestors, thrilled with the same enthusiasm those countries and our own.

When the provinces of Central America emancipated themselves from Spain, their first thought was to form a federal union. For a time they were able to accomplish this under the military leadership of General Morazán and the intellectual inspiration of José Cecilio del Valle, a gifted thinker of great loftiness of mind, who conceived almost simultaneously with Bolívar the idea of a union of all the Americas.

What hope would remain of ever attaining this happy goal, of bringing together the peoples of our race, if Central America, the connecting link in our territories, were permitted to become, as a result either of its political vices or of foreign machinations, a pesthole of anarchy and decadence, a slave market

⁴From *El Universal* (Mexican Independent daily), December 18

for international capital and ambitious dictators, an easy prey for the greed of every banana or coffee merchant, or oil-well borer, or mineral prospector?

Our relations with the Republic of Nicaragua, or with any other Central American country, should be governed by the most punctilious international ethics; they should be inspired solely by a sentiment of disinterested kinship. We believe our Foreign Office has scrupulously observed these canons of conduct in recognizing the Government of the constitutional Vice-President of Nicaragua, Dr. Juan B. Sacasa.

In 1924 Don Carlos Solórzano, a Conservative, and Juan B. Sacasa, a Liberal, were elected respectively President and Vice-President of Nicaragua. They took the oath of office before a Congress a majority of whose members had been elected simultaneously with themselves. They were inaugurated with every constitutional formality. Mexico recognized this absolutely legal Government, and sent its duly accredited diplomatic representative to Managua.

Then in October 1925, taking advantage of a time when Congress was not in session, Emiliano Chamorro incited a barracks mutiny. President Solórzano, in order to avoid bloodshed, tried to temporize with the insurgent soldiers by making concessions to his Conservative opponents and giving them posts in his Cabinet. An agreement between the Parties was made and signed; but it was concluded under duress, so far as the constitutional President of the Republic was concerned, for Chamorro and his mutinous soldiers were masters of the capital.

Notwithstanding this advantage, the heads of the revolt were worried because the President and Vice-President had the backing of Congress, which contained many distinguished Liberals

who were jealous of the good name and the legal status of the Government. For this reason the conspirators decided to carry their praetorian measures further.

So when Congress met for the next session it was the victim of treasonable military violence. The parliamentary rules of Nicaragua, like those of Mexico, provide that the Committee on Organization, which superintends the election of the new officers of the House and inducts them into office, shall be presided over by the officers of the previous session. In defiance of this explicit provision, a few Chamorro deputies met before the date set for the regular Committee meeting, declared themselves the full Committee, and with the aid of the military kept the Liberal members from attending. They were thus able, not only to control the organization of the House, but also, by a scandalous defiance of the public will unprecedented in Latin-American parliamentary history, to change its Party make-up.

With the help of this usurping Committee on Organization, several relatives and friends of the leaders of the military mutiny, who were not members of Congress, took seats upon the Committee in order to vote for a Conservative dictatorship. In order to make places for these seven members who had never been chosen by the voters, the Committee on Organization arbitrarily declared vacant seven seats in Congress, to which prominent Liberals had been legally elected. Not only were the latter gentlemen expelled from Congress without any pretense of legal procedure, but they were made the victims of persecution, and actually placed under arrest, in order to prevent their presenting themselves in Congress to demand their rights. This was in direct viola-

tion of the Constitution of Nicaragua, which explicitly forbids removing any member from Congress after his credentials have been accepted and he has taken the oath of office.

Precisely the same tactics were used in the Senate. The Committee on Organization of that body arbitrarily disqualified six senators who were not subservient to the new régime. Among those who had the courage publicly to condemn this action was Dr. Francisco Paniagua Prado, a distinguished professor at the University of Leon, who, in a public statement, dwelt upon the fact that the senators thus arbitrarily expelled from the Senate had taken their seats and had served during the previous session.

This same patriotic scholar, together with several other Liberals, among them Dr. Santiago Callejas of the University of Gante, filed a second protest, against the election of General Emiliano Chamorro as senator from Managua at a time when that gentleman was in command of the garrison of that city. They saw that his elevation to the Senate was merely the first step toward making him unconstitutional President of the Republic.

All these illegal measures were taken in order to obtain a subservient Congress to impeach the President and Vice-President, notwithstanding that this Congress was itself an illegal body and could therefore perform no legal act.

With the legislative branch of the Government thus moulded to suit themselves, the conspirators then proceeded to carry out their primary and principal design. President Solórzano, who had fallen into a trap when he negotiated with mutineers, chose to resign his office. Thereupon the military conspirators, in order to avoid having Vice-President Sacasa take the

Presidency, as provided by law, introduced a bill in Congress to deprive him of his office and to exile him, on the charge that he was a disturber of public order and that he had left the country. Everybody knew, of course, that Sacasa had fled abroad in order to escape persecution and almost certain assassination.

The packed Congress adopted the device of refusing to accept President Solórzano's resignation immediately, giving him instead a furlough before he surrendered office. Their purpose was to avoid either turning that office over to the Vice-President, as they were legally bound to do, or holding a special election. Thereupon President Solórzano informed the Diplomatic Corps that he had not asked any furlough, and that the whole manoeuvre was a violation of the Constitution.

As we have seen, General Chamorro had become a member of the new Congress as senator from Managua, and as soon as a furlough had been granted to the constitutional President he had himself made Acting President.

These are the devious and unconstitutional manoeuvres out of which the present situation arose. They resulted in placing the Presidency at last in the hands of the present nominal incumbent, Adolfo Díaz.

The yellow press of the United States and the present rulers of Nicaragua are willfully lying when they accuse Mexico of organizing military expeditions against this government of conspirators. That is one of the familiar canards which certain interests are using to foment trouble between Mexico and the United States. Our country's position is clear and open. It is governed by a simple sentiment of justice and of racial and historical kinship. We have not the slightest intention of intervening by force in the affairs of our sister republic.

THREE
of our
and have
the f
ing could
we ha
the
Fran
tions
wholl
clearly
another
joined
interes
for he
mind
must
either
times
quest
the p
of hu
believ
accor
certain
presen

Wh
Amer
most
Amer
for a
what
wing
devis

¹ Fro
Novem

SETTLING WITH AMERICA¹

BY FRANÇOIS COTY

the
dent
ately,
before
pose
office
they
ding
dent
matic
any
uvre
n.
horro
new
aguia,
been
ident
dent.
acon-
which
They
ey at
ninal
ited
s of
when
izing
gov-
es one
ertain
ouble
ates.
and
mple
l and
t the
g by
ublic.

THROUGHOUT the passionate discussion of our debt problem which has agonized and angered so many Frenchmen, we have followed a consistent policy. In the first place, we have opposed ratifying agreements which the country could not fulfill. In the second place, we have thrown a glare of light upon the acts and incidents that justify France in refusing to consent to impositions due entirely to a disastrous situation for which the United States is wholly responsible. But having thus cleared the ground, we believe we have another task to perform, equally important but less agreeable, a task enjoined upon us by the immediate interest of our country and by regard for her future. We must always keep in mind the France of to-morrow. We must not permit her to be diminished either materially or morally. There are times when we must rise above mere questions of money and think only of the peace of the world and the welfare of humanity. We say this because we believe that a ratification of our debt accord with the United States under certain conditions is preferable to the present situation.

Why? Because the good will of America is now, and will always be, a most valuable asset for France; because America's support is to-day, and will be for a long time to come, necessary. In what manner? Under the comfortable wing of the Dawes Plan, which was devised by Americans and is being

administered and directed by American experts. This plan is the safeguard, the protection, of all the European nations who are indebted to America. Since it is a going thing, and is running with the coöperation of Germany, we must associate ourselves with it. Either it will succeed, and the Allied Powers will pay the United States proportionally to what they respectively collect from Germany, or it will fail, and Europe will be relieved of all her obligations abroad. There are only these alternatives; there is no third possibility. If we were seeking cheap popularity, we should range ourselves with those who oppose ratification. But it is our habit to look facts in the face, and we venture to assert, with a conviction that grows stronger every day, that we are no longer in a position to speak and act as we might have done in 1919 at the time of the signing of the Peace Treaty, or shortly afterward at the Washington Conference.

If we had spoken firmly and clearly seven years ago, before high diplomacy and high finance were as closely interlocked as they are at present, and when the American people were still thrilled by the memory of our fraternity of arms and shocked by the horrors and the sacrifices they had seen, we no doubt might have obtained all the reductions, all the concessions, that were fair under the circumstances.

But to-day the atmosphere is entirely different. We have listened too long to the insidious voices of those who preached delay, who told us that time

¹ From *Le Figaro* (Paris Radical Party daily), November 29, 30, December 1

was working for us. We have wasted seven years in hesitation, in empty talk and futile overtures, and, as was sure to happen after M. Caillaux's failure at Washington, our Government appointed a commission to settle our debts to the United States on the best terms possible. Our Cabinet was privy to all these negotiations; it kept in touch with every step. M. Henri Bérenger, our Ambassador, would never have signed the accord then reached if he had not been expressly instructed to do so.

The Americans, who had long since finished their own house-cleaning, and had set their national affairs to rights immediately after the war, were happy to have the question out of the way. They were justified in thinking that it was out of the way. But hardly had M. Bérenger got back to France before they discovered, to their surprise and disgust, that our Parliament would not ratify the agreement — that the Government was powerless to make it do so.

Now this raises an embarrassing question: Why did the men who protest so vehemently to-day against this accord let a government which they had put in office commit itself to such terms? Why did n't they object at the time to our accepting them? They knew that the accord was about to be signed; they were kept informed from day to day of the progress of the negotiations. Why did they not protest then and there? Why did they not insist on having the whole question aired? Did they think that they could play fast and loose with their creditor, and then resume negotiations on a different basis whenever they so desired? That would have been puerile.

If we meant business, and still wanted to control the negotiations, we should have set up a parliamentary commission whose duty it should have been to

keep accurately informed of the progress and results of the conferences at Washington; and we should not have allowed our signature to be affixed to any agreement until that body had consented.

We personally believe that the game is up, that the American Constitution does not contemplate the reconsideration of an accord after it has once been signed and sealed. That is why we advocated at the time attaching certain reservations to our signature. After you once have added a codicil to a will, a reservation to an insurance policy, an addendum to a private contract, or an amendment to a constitution, you may go on doing so indefinitely.

Assuming that Parliament ratifies the accord with certain reservations, the American Government will have three courses before it: it may formally accept the reservations; or it may take no notice of them — thus implicitly accepting them; or it may reject them. Were it to reject them outright the French Treasury could simply place at the disposal of the American Government each year the amount it received under the Dawes Plan, either in money or in kind. We do not believe, however, that America would force us to this extreme measure. We believe that the Americans, different as they are from our own people in their ways of thinking and acting, would realize that we were doing only what we were by necessity forced to do.

Now let us consider certain puzzling factors in the situation. How does it happen that prominent American financiers and public men who constantly urge their Government to play the stern creditor to France privately encourage us, when they come over to our country, to refuse to ratify the debt accord? How does it happen, moreover, that some of our own public men who loudly advocated ratifying the accord

at the time of M. Bérenger's return from America are now trying, through underground channels, to prevent its ratification? Are there not trouble-makers abroad who would like to sow enmity between France and the United States, either for the advantage of other debtor Powers or in order to hamper our financial recovery? Is it not possible that such men imagine that they can thus keep us dependent upon a certain great insular Power, which has extended and maintained its world supremacy for centuries by sowing discord among other nations? Is there not a school of insular diplomats who would be glad to see the Old World and the New World at swords' points? Or would they not like to make France bear all the odium of the struggle to emancipate Europe from the burden of its debt settlements? They would make it our rôle once more to fight the battle of other nations. They would have us assume all the political, financial, and moral risks, from which they would reap easy profits. We should sacrifice for others our diplomatic honor, our traditional friendships, our hopes, just as we have already sacrificed the best of our blood.

Let us delve into this question a little deeper. While we were lured on with a thousand delusive promises, while France was cradled in chimerical hopes and encouraged to put off as long as possible her debt settlement with America, first England, then Italy, and finally Belgium, seized favorable opportunities to arrange for their debt payments on the best possible terms.

We may say with assurance that this was merely a political manœuvre shrewdly conceived by one of those three Powers, and that none of them ever dreams for a moment of actually paying to the United States for tens and tens of years to come the huge sums which it engaged to pay when it signed

its settlement. Last May France drafted a similar simulacrum of a contract with her creditor; but when she asked Parliament to approve it, the factions that so often in the past have defeated the best interests of the country started a campaign of unexampled demagogic and perilous propaganda to keep the Deputies from ratifying the accord to which the Government had already placed its name.

Provocative agents, reënforced unfortunately by some well-meaning but misguided patriots, raised the cry: 'Do not ratify! We do not owe that money! We are being duped! We are being robbed!' They talked of unfair discrimination among America's debtors. Only now, in 1926, after the question has been before the country seven years, do they suddenly discover that the bill presented to our nation contains items that we do not owe!

Such conduct was a grave blunder, which only invited unpleasant surprises. We discovered that the discriminations of which we complained were not as important as we imagined. There was no material difference between our legitimate debt and the sums fixed in the agreement. But America was placed in a position to demand the fulfillment of our engagement with a rigor that will not make our future relations with her easier, and will not help our economic recovery. In a word, our politicians have forced France to reopen the whole question, against her will and against her interest. There is nothing that pleases some of the Great Powers better — those who find it embarrassing to continue the payments to which they have consented with such politic good grace and disingenuous docility.

Germany is only too happy to see us thus entangled. For she is no better able than the other three Powers to meet her obligations; and were she able,

she would be strong enough to appeal to the precedent we are setting her and bluntly refuse to pay her Dawes installments.

We have given the impression to the world that all other debtor nations, including Germany, have honestly done their best to pay and that only France quibbles and shirks. Those four Powers may some day point to us to justify breaking their engagements. They will say: 'Since France is not paying her debts, why should we pay ours? We have shown that it is from no lack of good will.' If that should happen,—and it will happen,—and the Allies and their principal enemy are equally in default, the whole blame for Europe's repudiation of its debts to the United States will be placed on France alone. A hostile press, organized and disciplined with diabolical skill, will din daily into the ears of the Americans who loaned their money to carry on the war — to the humble citizens, the manufacturers, the farmers, the workingmen of all kinds who own Liberty Bonds: 'Just look at France, to whose defense you so nobly sprang — the France that

you admired, and that made such a display of her scrupulous honor. She shows no gratitude for your sacrifice. When she was able to meet her debts out of her receipts under the Dawes Plan, which we all knew Germany was able to pay, she refused to do so. Now her dishonesty has proved contagious and the other countries are following her example.'

That is an unworthy rôle for France to play. Harsh and unjust as may be America's demands, we should O. K. the bill. Germany is responsible for the war. It is for her to ask mercy, to solicit reductions, and eventually the general annulment of war debts she no doubt plans in the bottom of her heart. Germany is the only country that can secure a reduction or annulment, for a reason we should constantly keep in mind. There are twenty or twenty-five million people of German descent in the United States, many of the more powerful financiers there are of German stock, and an influential press is controlled by men of German blood and connections. Let Germany, then, be the first one to default.

THE BUS PROBLEM IN ENGLAND¹

BY LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

[THE author is one of the leading authorities on motor traffic in Great Britain.]

WHATEVER may be the merits of other kinds of transport in towns, there can

¹ From the *Sunday Times* (London Pro-French Sunday paper), December 5

be little doubt that the public use of the motor bus, which carries the major portion of the passenger traffic in London and in most provincial towns, will continue to increase. Not only does the motor bus take up and set down its passengers on the pavement and not in the middle of the street,

but it threads its way through traffic more quickly and more easily than any other public-service vehicle, and is the least obstructive.

The relative increase also in the number of passengers using motor buses, compared with other types of transport, in the large cities and towns of this and other countries proves that it is the favorite form of transport. I will quote one set of figures only, which will be sufficient for this purpose. The London Traffic Combine alone carried in its omnibuses 736 million passengers in 1913, and 1671 million in 1925. In this year, 1926, probably there has been an increase of a thousand million compared with thirteen years ago.

Assuming, therefore, the popularity of the motor bus, the problem to solve is how more passengers can be carried. More vehicles on most routes are now prohibited. Therefore, either we must widen our streets or build new streets above, or we must make new streets on or below the surface.

Alternatively, however, we could use vehicles which carry more passengers, and thus refrain from increasing the congestion which is already a serious detriment to traffic and a loss of valuable time and money to the busier persons in the community. If, for example, every public vehicle carrying fifty passengers could carry twenty-five more passengers, fifty per cent more passenger accommodation would be available without adding in any serious degree to traffic congestion. Buses or chars-à-bancs carrying seventy-five passengers are already in existence, and I have seen recently also the designs for a bus carrying one hundred passengers — double the average maximum now carried. Could we thus double the capacity of the present vehicles, a number of buses could be removed eventually from our streets,

and yet the same passenger space would remain.

Of course, such a change would take time; but we must look ahead, or hopeless congestion on most of our main thoroughfares is certain to take place in a few years. The hundred-passenger bus could carry its passengers either in two or three tiers. The three-tiered vehicle could be built to stand but little higher than the height of a double-decked tramcar, and the extreme length of either the double- or treble-tiered vehicle would not exceed thirty-five feet; in other words, such a bus would not be much larger in dimensions than many of the heavier type of motor goods-lorry to-day, and shorter than a lorry or tramcar with trailer.

But there are other improvements in the design of motor buses which should take place shortly in accordance with the natural evolution of the vehicle. First of all, the motor bus of the future will run on giant pneumatic tires; indeed, already many provincial companies owning chars-à-bancs have been using these for some time past with advantage to their machinery and to the comfort of their passengers. And as to weight, allowing fifteen passengers to the ton, the existing motor bus when loaded weighs in the neighborhood of from eight to nine tons, of which approximately from five to six tons is borne on the hind axle. Road makers know, as do engineers, that it is uneconomical to put on one axle and one pair of wheels more than a certain weight. And when one considers the speed at which the motor bus runs nowadays (the twelve-mile-an-hour limit is observed habitually more in the breach than in the observance), it is clear that the hammering which roads and streets receive from the hind wheels bearing such a weight is such that few systems of road surfacing are able to withstand it.

The six-wheeled bus is therefore certain to come, — the sooner the better, — and those who witnessed the demonstration at the Staff College at Camberley recently of six-wheeled lorries for Army purposes can have little doubt that the day of the four-wheeled heavy vehicle will soon be over. At the moment, the most popular six-wheeled design is that of a four-wheeled bogie under the rear portion for driving and weight-carrying, while the two wheels remain in front for steering purposes; and there is the other type, like the Scammel lorry, with the three axles wide apart from each other.

Such a bus would probably weigh about six tons unladen, or two tons more than the four-wheeled type, but it should carry upwards of fifty per cent more passengers. Assuming this larger bus to weigh, loaded, from eight to ten tons, this weight would be borne as regards two thirds on the four-wheeled bogie, and one third on the front wheels, which would mean a considerable reduction compared with the hind-axle weight prevalent to-day. Later on possibly we shall see eight-wheeled buses with two-wheeled bogies, one for steering and one for driving.

The railway passenger coach has developed on similar lines. Sixty years ago four-wheeled coaches were universally in use in this country. In the early seventies some six-wheeled coaches appeared, and then came the bogie type, the coach body borne on a frame with two bogies at each end, mostly four-wheeled, but nowadays sometimes six-wheeled. This evolution was the result of attempts to lighten the load per axle when railway coaches became longer and heavier, and to secure greater safety and smoother running. In the interests of economy in road expenditure and of greater comfort for passengers, and to reduce the number of vehicles compared with

passengers carried, the present system of heavy-vehicle taxation should be altered to give substantial advantages to those vehicles whose axle load is lightest compared with the total weight carried. In no case should any axle weight in excess of six tons be allowed in new vehicles to be built, say, after 1928. This is a most important point for the Chancellor to consider in his next Budget, for a reduction in road-maintenance expenditure, now a charge on rates and taxes, would then be possible.

There are yet other improvements which are needed, such as four-wheeled brakes, which promote safety and secure an increased average speed. There is hardly a private car on the market to-day which is not fitted with four-wheel brakes, and for the heavier types of motor vehicle they are even more essential. The brakes should either be of the Servo type, or pneumatic or hydraulic, and before long heavy oil instead of petrol must be used in the interests of safety and economy.

Then, again, in these days of traffic-crowded streets, when goods vehicles are often piled up with packages to a height of fifteen feet or more above the street level, the driver should be placed in a higher position. The old horse-bus driver sat nearly level with the roof of the bus, while the driver of the motor bus to-day sits only a little higher than the lower tier of passenger seats. A clear view of the traffic is becoming more essential to the driver every day, and he should be seated as high as is compatible with ease and efficiency in working the controls.

There is no reason, also, why warm fresh air from the radiator and the outside of the engine casing should not be used to warm the inside of the bus in winter. On my own car I have found that the warm air which comes from the radiator and the engine is quite

suffi
min
is c
throu
fear
into
An
is no
buse
prov
worl
tion
man
prise
the
Com

ONE
of ou
in spe
only
taken
abstr
in its
many
witne
that i
cal w
days
but tr
on he
motion
duced
about
man o
the s

¹ Fro
semim

sufficient to warm a car within a few minutes from the start, and, as the fan is continually pulling the fresh air through the warm radiator, there is no fear of anything but fresh air flowing into the interior of the vehicle.

And one word in conclusion. There is no doubt that as a whole the motor busses in London and in some of the provincial cities are the best in the world. The credit for this proud position is due to the ingenuity of our manufacturing firms, and to the enterprise of great transport companies like the London General. Various Royal Commissions come and leave us

very much where we were; successive governments shelve their own Commission's Report and shy at the cost of increasing street accommodation; while the official world dislikes having to face facts.

It follows, therefore, that if street space is to remain substantially unaltered, which at the moment seems probable, the only possible remedy against the increasing congestion of our streets is that the vehicles carrying passengers and goods should carry more in proportion to the street space they occupy. Otherwise we shall have chaos.

A NOVELIST OF SPORT¹

BY COMTE DE LUPPÉ

ONE OF the outstanding characteristics of our time is our widespread interest in sport. Since antiquity it has enjoyed only intermittent favor, and has never taken on that peculiar form, both abstract and real, that makes it an end in itself and a rule of life. There are many reasons for the revival we are witnessing to-day, the chief of which is that in our material civilization physical well-being is essential. In the old days people did not indulge in sport, but traveled for hours on end on foot or on horseback. Our progress in locomotion and comfortable travel has reduced the physical effort in moving about to the vanishing point, and the man of to-day, who is not subjected to the slow fatigues of an earlier time,

must seek a state of physical equilibrium in occasional exercise.

Yet even this is not enough to account for the immense, irresistible popularity that leads crowds of Frenchmen to sporting events on Sundays and holidays, and that attracts into gymnasiums and stadiums men whose bodies are weary from their week-day labors. Unquestionably, professional games with thousands of spectators helped to stimulate this interest, but even so there is something disinterested about it. Our enthusiasm for sport springs from deep, mysterious sources, and all we can do is to observe the extraordinary effects that it produces.

A 'sport,' in current speech, is the *habitué* of the *pari mutuel* and football games. He may be quite incapable of any physical effort whatever. The

¹ From *Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic semimonthly), December 10

meaning of the word has been enormously enlarged; but sport itself has become a scientific, rational rule of discipline that brings the body to perfection, and even serves as a guide to the soul. From this point of view athletic sports are at the head of a whole hierarchy.

This is why they have furnished us with rich literary material, and their astounding glory in modern times has found an interpreter in M. Henry de Montherlant. 'Nothing is simpler,' said M. de Montherlant, 'than for me to indicate precisely the great phases, at once superficial and profound, through which my life has passed. First, a Catholic symphony composed of various strains: my education in a religious college, the authors of ancient Rome, and the influence of Spain, where I imbibed the spirit of the bull-fight. The second was the war, and the third was sport.'

It is nice to be able to know one's self so completely; hence this precise definition can readily be applied to the author's work.

He saw the war, and in *Le Songe* tried to depict it in all its forms. Hastily, he attempted to reduce it to its simplest elements, bringing out the background of the trenches and the vast stretches of country and white roads once bordered with trees. What interested him was the people who were doing the fighting, and his view of the war was psychological. He saw it from a prejudiced, individual point of view that happens not to appeal to me. Alban de Bricoule went to war without any patriotic feeling, but with intense personal satisfaction. He felt that he was born for great things and that at last he had encountered something worthy of him. 'Would you have a man like me submitted to mediocre proofs?' he asked when he arrived at the front. This exaggerated desire for

valor turned him into one of those morally isolated people, the kind who prefer to be dirty and sloppy — Alban covered himself with mud simply to prove his independence and to proclaim his joy at being freed from ordinary social conventions. He was one of those danger signals who seemed to attract bullets, not only toward himself, but toward those around him; 'who took his course by preference along wide, open stretches of ground. Having seen a soldier fall two hundred yards away, he hastened toward the point where he had been killed. He would purposely sit wrapped in thought at a spot directly under machine-gun fire.'

There were such fools, but you avoided them carefully and begged them to control themselves, without laying yourself open to accusations of cowardice. This was simply the part of prudence. In *Le Songe*, de Bricoule's friends — and he was only a simple soldier himself — are described as if they were inferior beings. An almost heroic unpopularity seemed to descend upon their heavy shoulders, but officers never gave orders to a man like Alban. In short, there is something rather unreal about M. de Montherlant's conception of war.

Other elements, however, are more remarkable and serious. The war and its attendant dangers awakened in Alban de Bricoule the instincts of a sensual, sanguinary animal which had been sleeping a long time in the depths of his nature. He rollies through the cantonments of an evening in search of simple, crude pleasure. Above all, he wants to kill someone, since he has the right to do it legally and gloriously. When he comes upon a German who asks for mercy, he is thrilled with the joy of the hunter who has run his quarry to earth. Except among our black troops, I doubt if this kind of pleasure was very frequently enjoyed. Would

patr
Fran
Bric
satis
last,
M.
hero
and
lulle
He
come
cand
Su
saw
friend
who
A
the
lucky
cipli
where
lower
plete
sad
ism,
de M
will
sibili
form
'T
four
They
people
end,
knew
broug
certa
awak
Perha
sport
facto
betwe
war a

The
lant,
sport
The
ready
of ou

those who Alban de Bricoule is concerned. He is content in satisfying his atavistic character. At last, with an incredible air of indulgence, M. de Montherlant discovers in his hero an unexpected virginity of soul and body. 'The young man's spirit was lulled to calm sleep. He had killed. He had possessed. Dominique could come. He was ready for her soul.' This candor is disarming.

Such is war as Alban de Bricoule saw it. He was not ennobled by his friendship with the incompetent Prinet, who ends by being killed.

A confession devoid of humility to the big-hearted Father de Pestour, a lucky wound, a period in an undisciplined hospital, an atrocious scene where German wounded men are allowed to die in the sun like flies, complete this splendid spectacle. War is sad indeed where there is so little idealism, and war will come again, says M. de Montherlant. Alban de Bricoule will not mind, either, because his sensibilities are not offended; it is simply a form of excitement, and not a sacrifice.

'The men who fought in the war for four or five years came home exhausted. They are a sacrificed generation. But people of my age, who only got in at the end, and were very young besides, knew what to expect, and they have brought back from the trenches a certain muscular tension that that life awakened in them and did not release. Perhaps they threw themselves into sport in the hope that it would satisfactorily bridge the gap in their lives between the great physical lyricism of war and the bureaucracy of peace.'

That, according to M. de Montherlant, is the cause of the popularity of sport since the war.

This taste for sport that I have already spoken of as a significant factor of our time finds expression in two

of M. de Montherlant's characters — young Peyrony in the *Olympiques*, and Dominique in *Le Songe*. Feminine sport, which cannot be explained by the same reasons as masculine sport, is also represented. 'Virile sport affects the intellectual part of the soul. It fuses together man's intellect, sensibility, and animal nature.' Through Peyrony and Dominique all the author's ideas on sport are expressed. Naturally he does not go into technical descriptions. Words, notes, and allusions show that he has a profound knowledge of his subject. What he wishes to stress is the intimate significance, the philosophy, of the thing. Sport in itself, to be sure, is a form of drunkenness, drunkenness for the individual. It arouses a brutal exultation very much like the desire to kill that comes out in war, and that the bull-fighter feels, or the man who is about to make a tackle in football. But in war this feeling seems inhuman and wild, whereas the ecstasy of sport arises from a sense of control and discipline. The athlete's body and soul are in a perfect state of equilibrium. The excitement and beauty of sport harmonize. 'I wanted,' said the author to young Peyrony, 'to invest you with the love of the body, with the idea that you would balance this with your spiritual life, and it would have been extremely beautiful. There would be a moment when you would realize this state of harmony, and at that time I should say to you: "We now understand what the Golden Age was." Then this harmony would disappear. The body would tip the scales over on its side and everything else would follow.' Even from a physical point of view sport is a form of equilibrium. When equilibrium disappears, its beauty becomes ugliness.

'Here is a symbol of collapse familiar to anyone who attends track meets: Peyrony is running with a beautiful

stride and form, entirely his own, when suddenly fatigue lays hold on him and he goes to pieces. Anarchy overwhelms him, and he is changed from a man into a hairy animal.'

The ecstasy of sport and its beauty are due to the blending of body and mind, and to the athlete's perception of this intimate union. This is what M. de Montherlant has described in these words in *Le Songe*:—

'Dominique followed so perfectly in the wake of Suzanne Kestner that she had no difficulty in keeping her eye on the blue vein that ran down the girl's arched thigh. She adopted Kestner's pace. Their actions were perfectly co-ordinated, like teeth working together. Their paces were as regular as the five military steps with which the distance between the two fences is measured off. The head of the one behind fell so exactly into the hole made in the air by the head of the other that the wind scarcely blew on her face at all. At first she had let a group of foolish little girls who quickly exhausted themselves take the lead, but now all she heard of them was a faint patter of feet on the track far behind. She had run the first lap in last place, taking a singular joy in this position of proud humility; then, as the others grew exhausted, she found herself, without undue strain, behind Kestner, her tough old rival; and between the two girls who were almost exactly evenly matched it now became simply a matter of intelligence.

'How she loved that intelligence of sport, that lightness of mind blending with a lightness of body into a unique combination. At that moment she understood what a fine thing sport was. She grasped the science of training, the importance of form and presence of mind, the vast organization, the resistance to nature, and the freedom and strength of her legs; with her jaws tightly clenched she felt able to sum-

mon all her muscular resources and her rich reserves of strength and wind that she had not yet drawn upon and that still were awaiting her bidding in her heaving chest. Although she knew that she was beautiful, she realized that on the running track she was transfigured. She was so intoxicated with her own charms that she felt as if she were evoking lost music from a divine instrument in the middle of a desert.'

The ecstasy of sport and its beauty consist in the rôle that the will power must play in controlling one's expense of physical effort. If it miscalculates, everything goes to pieces. Toward the end of the race Dominique realizes that she will not win. 'She threw back her head and shoulders and gave up, but hardly had she given up than all her strength went out of her. The head and shoulders which she had thrown back suddenly plunged violently forward. She staggered two or three steps, heels first, as if trying to catch up with herself, and her feet made a flapping noise; then she fell to the ground and lay stretched out on her back, with her legs crossed and her arms spread out—so flat that she did not seem human.'

Owing to the demands it makes for complete harmony, sport improves the individual. It therefore has both a moral and a social utility. It is a refuge for children and men. Through it Peyrony escapes from the frivolous influence of a mediocre family and lives on the football field in an atmosphere of obligatory energy, responsibility, and discipline. On the field a weak man can become strong, an egotist lose himself in the team. Here, on this stretch of ground where order reigns, each one has his own rôle to play. Querulous dissensions and disagreements sometimes occur, but all pettiness is lost when a boy seizes the ball and makes a sensational run.

Sport in all its aspects is M. de

Mon
art
defin
Les
of h
spok
pract
M. d

'V
anxi
stren
1922
Relè
a rel
desc
in di
ness
them
the o
caton
crisis
religi
a ma
instr
more
therl
confi
Fath
Cath
which
lacki
resol
to he
his fi
see h
sound
I am
shock
allow
prom
Savic

M.
Alba
he pu
religi
sured
was a
cisms
these

Montherlant's chosen territory. His art has given it a living form and has defined its true spirit. In his last book, *Les Bestiaires*, he returned to the sport of his youth, of which he has often spoken. It is a rare sport that is not practised everywhere in the world, but M. de Montherlant likes to be unusual.

'When I was burdened down with anxiety I still relied on the great strength of the Catholic Church.' In 1922, in his second edition of *La Relève du Matin*, he made his début as a religious author. *La Relève du Matin* described the activities of the Church in directing the young, and the gentleness and strength with which it inspires them. One must suspend judgment in the cases of certain of the priestly educators who, according to him, create a crisis in the child in order to introduce religion into his life — but that is not a matter of great importance, since the instructors of the young should have more than the advice of M. de Montherlant to go on. In *Le Songe* the confession of Alban de Bricoule to Father de Pestour does not have a Catholic look. It is a parody from which several essential elements are lacking, among them contrition and the resolve to sin no more. It is shocking to hear Alban call Father de Pestour by his first name. It is more shocking to see him make use of his own pride as a sound excuse. 'You must consider that I am not like other men.' Still more shocking is it when Father de Pestour allows the young man to break the promise he had made to exalt only the Saviour in his writings.

M. de Montherlant did not make Alban de Bricoule's promise. In 1923 he published in a review some notes on religion and the passions which assuredly did not exalt the Saviour. It was a reply to certain Catholic criticisms that *Le Songe* had aroused. In these notes he makes Alban de Bricoule

say that he was not to blame; he had a pagan inheritance, and chose Christ, 'briefly, because I never can tell, when an object stirs me, if my reaction comes from within or if it is transmitted to me from the outside.' At length he accepts the Catholic religion, since it is not too irksome.

'My reason is inclined to be hospitable toward the religion that has been instilled in me. They go well together. Your discipline agrees with a tumultuous temperament like mine. Your constant searchings are a practice that I should have followed even without you. Your prayers are a form of exercise, like any others that I should practise; our actions, like branches of our souls, have to be pruned in order to yield good fruit. Your liturgy is full of sense, and is one of the few pieces of real grandeur in the world. From your sacraments I confess that I derive no spiritual good, but at least they do me no harm, and confession is splendid for me. It is very excellent for me now and then to humiliate myself before a poor man and before certain powers that I have conceded to him. In all this I conform to the recommendation made by Aurelius Cotta in *The Nature of Gods*, to the effect that "a good citizen accepts the religion and practices of the ancients because they are the foundation of the State." As far as belief goes, I am not prevented from placing an hypothesis before my mind and drawing the best conclusion from it.'

Having accorded the Catholic religion this disdainful adhesion, he is not yet quits with it, but holds that it owes him something in return.

'I repeat, I should live in atheism like a fish in water. Accepting any religion with a free heart, I find it impossible to be treated like others who come to you for aid. I am a doubter, and you can do me no harm, for that is a matter that depends on my

own will. I shall give Catholicism the benefit of my doubt, and that is an act of my will. You, Church, and you, Catholics, are forced to take account of me.'

Take it or leave it, he wants to be treated with special favor. He demands complete moral license. 'Alas, what is faith,' says François Mauriac, 'if it is not lived? A system, a peremptory explanation of the universe? It is not enough to state it; it must also be lived out.' Alban de Bricoule's religion is devoid of moral adhesion. His confession to Father de Pestour does not free him from essential brutality, and *Les Bestiaires* presents Spanish religion to us only in its sensual aspect.

Unquestionably, there is no more insolent way of adopting a religion. Far from having made an act of love toward God, Alban de Bricoule coolly lays down his conditions to the Church. I believe that she will get along quite all right without him.

Three great forces — religion, war, and sport — M. de Montherlant confesses have moulded his life, but a fourth must be added — himself. M. de Montherlant has no doubts on this score. 'I have never known the meaning of anxiety,' he said to M. Frédéric Lefèvre. 'Prééminence,' declared Alban de Bricoule, 'is indispensable to me. Nothing about it is particularly attractive, but life without it would simply be inconceivable.' It is not difficult to identify the author with his chief character. Both are proud of their origin, of their exploits in war and sport, and of their universal superiority. *Les Bestiaires* was preceded by newspaper accounts of the author's skill in bullfighting. He keeps interrupting himself for fear that you forget: 'It is I, Montherlant, speaking.' He loves to see his name in print. This pride is not confined to exterior matters. M. de Montherlant wants to be a

thinker. He wants to be a psychologist. Nevertheless he stuffs his books with a mixture of slight erudition and sweeping generalities from which he thinks a great philosophy can be disengaged. Believing himself a conqueror, he wants to be violent and strong. He insists on being a complete man, a great spirit and a noble animal, a real Renaissance figure, intelligent, and always content to see his instincts satisfied. Here is his portrait of Alban de Bricoule: 'Having spirit he is intelligent; having courage he is heroic; having guts he is voluptuous. These three souls are surrounded by an envelope of flesh, strong and beautiful. Thus the human spirit realizes itself and finds equilibrium through the work of Providence and through its own will.'

Alban de Bricoule is pride and unconscious absurdity personified.

M. de Montherlant at least is an artist, a creator of life in his strongly composed works; he usually goes to some pains to dissimulate, but he is not deceptive. His intrigues are banal, scarcely existent at all — just enough to serve as a means for expressing his ideas. Those ideas alone count. He presents them to us in the form of characters — even in his *Notes on Religion and the Passions* Alban de Bricoule does the talking; even in the *Chant funèbre* he puts his story in the mouth of the priest in charge of the charnel house. And his characters live — which after all is the real test of the novelist.

His own mouthpiece is Alban de Bricoule. Sport is represented by Peyrony. These are not very complicated men. They are forces of nature, violent, impulsive, and instinctive, but significant forces none the less. They stop now and then to contemplate and judge themselves, and this spiritual effort pains them, throws them off balance, and stops their motors. Actu-

ally
The
you
pure
is n
creat
In
him
man
with
and
His
are

GER
avia
world
city i
roads
every

Du
Treat
ously
which
plane
year
all, a
airplane
hum
set ou
air.

Prin
and A
a net
across
amalg
the L

¹ Fro
Novem
VOL. 3

ally they are only violent at intervals. They are not intellectuals at all, yet you see them living, for they are not pure abstractions. M. de Montherlant is not an analyst, but an artist, a creator of characters.

In recent years people have discussed him a lot, and he has, to tell the truth, many detractors. He is reproached with talking too much about religion and lacking the true Christian spirit. His pretensions to the rôle of a thinker are questioned, since his books are

intellectually mediocre; he is accused of having an insupportable egotism; and there is a good deal in all this. What, then, remains and justifies so much talk? Simply this: he has carried sporting literature to new heights, and thus has been the mouthpiece of his generation. He has, moreover, created characters—often not very sympathetic ones, to be sure, but alive; and he has shown many signs of being a powerful and eloquent writer.

GERMANY TAKES THE AIR¹

BY A BRITISH CORRESPONDENT

GERMANY to-day, as far as commercial aviation is concerned, is mistress of the world. Her lines stretch from city to city in direct competition with the railroads, and her influence extends to every adjoining country.

During the years that followed the Treaty of Versailles Germany was seriously hampered by its restrictions which forbade her to construct airplanes of over a given power. This year they were abolished once and for all, and almost overnight the great airplane factories of the country were humming with work. Germany had set out on her career of conquest in the air.

Private companies, such as Junkers and Aero-Lloyd, which had organized a network of light airplane services across Germany, were immediately amalgamated into one monster society, the Luft Hansa. To-day this company

has an influence in Germany only comparable with that of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Canada. Her machines, full of passengers, winter and summer, run to schedule with the regularity of the railways, and the fares are exactly the same as first-class by train.

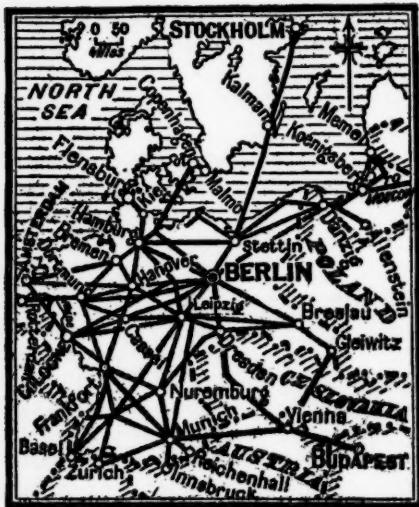
To-day in Germany it is possible to travel five hundred miles in a night by sleeper; smoking cabins allow the German to continue puffing his everlasting cigar; and—greatest commercial asset of all—the amazing absence of accidents or forced landings has brought about a confidence in air travel unknown in any other part of the world.

Meanwhile every German is aviation-mad. The Luft Hansa claims, with no idle boasting, that in five years it will be in a position to dispense with a government subsidy, for scores of young men in every great city dream of becoming its pilots. It is safe to say that about ninety per cent of the pilots of the Luft

¹ From the *Morning Post* (London Tory daily), November 29, 30, December 1, 2, 3, 4

Hansa are old war-time aviators with years of experience, and it is easy to realize that there are not too many vacancies going begging.

The training of new pilots is a complicated business, and is all the more difficult to follow because there are



many changes being made at the moment. The prospective candidate must first become a member of one of the light flying institutions or 'sporting clubs,' which vaguely resemble our light flying clubs. Anybody with the necessary funds may join such a school. After a year he must pass a stiff examination for Certificate 'A.' If he wishes to join an air line, he must then attend one of the State flying schools, the most important of which are at Berlin and Munich. He must be under a certain age limit, and be prepared to spend from three thousand to five thousand marks (\$750 to \$1250) for his training. He is drilled in the technical, practical, and theoretical sides of flying, and must pass two further examinations, called 'B' and 'C.' Both are exceedingly severe, and only a small percentage of men even pass 'B.'

When a candidate is fortunate enough to obtain Certificate 'B' he is allowed by the Luft Hansa to become an assistant pilot in one of its machines. He sits with the chief pilot, but, although there is double control on all machines, is not allowed to take over except in case of emergency. He is required to fly a minimum of 15,000 kilometres (9375 miles) in this capacity, and then, if selected, is allowed to sit for Certificate 'C.' This gives him the right to become a line pilot when there is a vacancy.

The Luft Hansa came into existence only last spring. But as I write I have in front of me a winter time-table, which covers Germany with the thick black lines of its air routes, and this in spite of the fact that the services of the winter are only half those of the summer.

The success of the company has urged its promoters to push still further ahead. A line from Munich to Milan is the most audacious of the plans for the coming summer. This line, which will be run in conjunction with the Aero Italiano, will employ about three Rorbachs. One of these machines is ready for service, the second is making its trials and should be delivered early next year, and the third is under construction.

'We shall fly at a great altitude where the visibility is always good, and at a great speed,' Major Hailer, manager of the Süddeutsche Luft Hansa, explained to me. 'Each machine will have three engines.' 'What will happen if you have to make a forced landing over the Alps?' I asked. 'That will not happen,' Major Hailer answered. 'We have faith in our machines.'

Major Hailer speaks with true authority. With a machine he experimented with he flew the entire distance in three and a half hours at four thousand metres. He has flown over the

Alps nearly a hundred times this last summer.

Among other new lines next year the Luft Hansa contemplates Budapest-Vienna-Munich-Stuttgart-Paris and Munich-London services in a day. These and their existing lines are proof of the way in which German aviation carries its flag into its neighboring countries. Berlin-Copenhagen-Malmö, Hamburg or Berlin to Amsterdam and London, Cologne to Brussels and Paris, Germany to Basel, Germany to Vienna and Budapest — these are some of the long-distance routes, and soon there will be an airship service via Spain to South America.

Everywhere German aviation stretches its limbs by attention to detail, hard work, and uncanny reliability. Silent airplanes, luxurious sleepers, vast and swift machines, are giving the German air liner that predominance which the Red Ensign holds for Great Britain in merchant shipping.

As the Luft Hansa increases, moreover, so must its airplanes improve and its aerodromes grow ever greater. I have traveled over hundreds of air miles with the Company and landed on scores of aerodromes. Everywhere I hear the same story: 'We are rebuilding. There is not enough room for our traffic.' Bremen is erecting great new hangars and offices, Hamburg is rebuilding on a vast scale, Berlin — already the most wonderful air station in the world — is growing mightier every week, and Munich, the great South German air port, has just appropriated three quarters of a million dollars for a new aerodrome.

The Tempelhofer Feld, where the ghost of the ex-Kaiser reviewing his famous troops must still be found when the hum of airplane engines dies down, is Berlin's *kolossal* air station. It takes hours to inspect it. Its great hangars, hundreds of feet in length, and spot-

lessly clean, are fitted with every possible labor-saving device. They are grouped on either side of the observation tower and meteorological office, themselves dwarfed by the two huge wireless masts towering into the sky. Behind, the present wooden structure is giving place to a great new building which will lodge the directors of the air port, scores of officials, and the traveling public. A vast hotel is being built there, and the plans I have seen are grandiose. In front of each hangar are concrete landing grounds, one of which is 150 metres in length. Under it are the petrol tanks, with a total capacity of 160,000 litres — much too small, the Germans say, for the present needs of the Tempelhofer Feld are about seven thousand litres a day. The petrol is under pressure, and special motors have been installed for this.

The new hangars are a marvel. Special devices are installed to lift engines from the machines for overhaul and put them back in their place in the machines. Here you will find the special newspaper airplanes, in which the bundles of papers are hung up and released from mid-air like bombs over a town, so that the pilot need not land.

During the daytime the air port is as busy as Victoria Station. Every few minutes the siren goes, and a great machine comes into sight on the horizon. Pilots are helped in their landing by many means. A smoke oven is placed in the centre of the field to show the direction and force of the wind on the ground. There are special sirens and red and white lights.

Night flying is a speciality in Berlin, for experts realize that until night flying is as common as day flying aviation will never be a commercial success. Otherwise, it is argued, the train will still have an advantage over the airplane.

Berlin has the following facilities: —

A main guiding light of a quarter of a billion candle power.

Eight large lights of five thousand candle power, which light all the buildings in the aerodrome, as well as a strip of five hundred metres in front of the buildings.

Three Neon lights installed above the observation tower forty-five metres high. They are of 7200 candle power, and blink the letter B in Morse for Berlin during the night.

Thirty red lights showing the boundaries of the aerodrome.

A red light under the wind-direction sign aboveground.

Special landing lights are installed. Of these there are four green, twelve white, and four red at twenty metres distant on a four-hundred-metre course. These are laid out according to the wind to enable pilots to land in the right place. Pilots must begin to taxi into position by the green lights, and must come to a stop by the red lights.

The hotel in the new buildings at the back of the observation tower is nearly finished and will be opened shortly. There will be four great terraces on the roof to enable the public to watch the movements of the air liners. Special measures are being taken to keep incoming and outgoing passengers separate, and the public is not allowed in the aerodrome. The letter and parcel mail offices are elaborate, and there are special late post boxes for all the cities in Europe.

At the extreme left of the hangars is an open-air café, which is crowded with sight-seers in summer. A new concrete road about a quarter of a mile long has been built from the main entrance of the aerodrome to the Tempelhofer highway, while the Underground is building an aerodrome station to bring people from the centre of the city to the aerodrome in just over ten minutes.

As at Hamburg and Munich, work is

proceeding so fast that it is difficult to prophesy what the Berlin Terminal Station will be like in a year's time. To-day it is a hive of industry day and night, for it is the greatest airway junction in Europe. As passengers arrive you see them consulting the time-tables to see when their connection leaves for cities some hundreds of miles away.

Here it is that we shall get the best view of the *Luft Hansa* fleet, for all roads lead to Berlin sooner or later. Day and night passengers to Malmö and Copenhagen travel in a large Albatross, a machine constructed in Berlin, and fitted for the night journey with sleepers. Its sumptuous cabin holds eight people comfortably. The two pilots are divided from the cabin by a small partition, in which there is a little trapdoor of glass, so that communication may be easily established. The chairs have high backs of great comfort, which are let down at night to form beds. There is no congestion, and each passenger has ample room. Behind the main cabin are the lavatory and the baggage compartments.

The *Rohrbach* is a wonderful new machine, which made its maiden journey to Croydon some days ago. It is all metal, — nearly all the German airplanes are all metal now, — with three large but almost silent engines, so that noise is greatly deadened for the passenger.

The three-engined *Junker*, another all-metal machine, is a triumph for the German constructor. It is equipped with double control and with wireless telegraph and telephone. The operator, quite distinct from the mechanic, travels behind the partition in the main cabin, and is in touch with land every few minutes of the journey.

The description of so many machines may tire the reader, but the *Luft Hansa* is by no means satisfied, and legion are the new types under construction.

G-S
Jun
each
is n
pro
sprin
are
smo
mus
sec
the
som
load
and
an h
wor

T
Dor
buil

I
in B
for
chin
gine
a te
engi
seate
Leip
the s
the o
off a

I f
man
ing r
all b
at hi
circl
point
with
seate
pilot
almo

The
flat a
Leip
sunsh
sight
field
pear

G-31 is the name of a new all-metal Junker, with three Junker L-5 engines, each of 280 horsepower. This machine is now making its trial flights, and will probably be put into service next spring. It is the acme of luxury. There are three comfortable cabins. One is a smoking compartment, — the German must have his cigar at all costs, — the second is a nonsmoker for ladies, and the third is a sleeper. It is similar in some respects to the G-24, but has a load of seven thousand kilogrammes and a cruising speed of 185 kilometres an hour. It is being built at the Junker works at Dessau.

The giant Dornier Wahl and Super Dornier Wahl flying boats are being built at Friedrichshafen.

I hurried to the Tempelhofer Feld in Berlin in time to catch the 10.50 plane for Munich. I found half a dozen machines on the ground, all with their engines roaring. Next to a G-24, making a terrible row with its three powerful engines, I discovered my little four-seater Fokker with the notice 'Berlin-Leipzig-Nürnberg-München' hung on the side of the fuselage. I jumped into the only available place, and we took off at 10.51.

I found myself seated next to a German count who spent his life wandering round Europe by air. 'We have you all beat,' he said, puffing meditatively at his cigar. In a few moments we were circling over Berlin, and my guide was pointing out the buildings of interest with as little concern as if we had been seated in a Pullman train, although the pilot was turning his machine at an almost vertical angle.

There are miles of dull country as flat as a pancake between Berlin and Leipzig, but the fields were bathed in sunshine. Seventy minutes later we sighted Leipzig aerodrome, a great field full of scurrying rabbits who appeared terrified as we taxied to the land-

ing stage. This is an important junction for Cologne in the West and Prague and Vienna in the East. My count was off East, and his place was taken by a German with long hair and a violin. At 12.10 we were off again, leaving Leipzig behind. Little by little the flat ground gave place to hills and rivers, with tiny picturesque German farms dotted to right and to left. On a fine day the country round Nuremberg is a wonderful sight from the air.

At Nuremberg, another important junction, we changed airplanes, and had twenty minutes for lunch. The sun shone brighter than ever as we took off, and the country became more beautiful every mile. Soon we rose abruptly, climbing finally to a height of 1300 metres, to find a sea of flaky white clouds like a carpet far below obscuring all scenery. The sky above was deep blue, while the sun was shining as brightly as ever. For an hour we traveled without finding a single hole in the cotton wool below. The pilot seemed to be enjoying the exhilaration of the flight, and brought us to Munich, where the sea of snow ended as if by command of the Luft Hansa. It was 3.50 exactly. We were on time to the minute, and the journey of 526 kilometres had taken us exactly five hours.

Munich has a comparatively small air port as far as buildings are concerned, but it is destined for a great future. There is an exhibition in the city where nearly ninety architects have submitted plans for a new aerodrome to be built on the present site.

The architects evidently think that three million marks is all the money in the world, for their plans for the most part are on a scale never before seen for an aerodrome. The winning design was crowned with a laurel wreath, and it provides for spacious offices, vast hangars, meteorological and observation towers, and wonderful waiting-

rooms. Munich is a little jealous of Berlin, and means at all costs to have the second-best, if not the finest, aerodrome in the world.

Leipzig will probably follow these plans with slight alterations and amendments, and build the aerodrome by degrees over a period of four or five years. It is not only important as being the chief flying centre for all Southern Germany, with tentacles to Switzerland, France, Belgium, and Vienna, but also prides itself as being the chief town in the neighborhood of important constructors, such as Dornier and Zeppelin, which are both to the south at Friedrichshafen, four hours distant by railway.

Luft Hansa has a capital of twenty-five million marks. Its financial resources are made up of (a) a subsidy from the Reich, amounting next year to about five million dollars; (b) passage money; (c) parcel and letter rates, as well as ordinary freight; and (d) the organizations represented by the board of directors of the company.

Let us, for a moment, examine this board of directors, for it affords one of the most important side-lights on the whole scheme of Germany's air domination. Upon it will be found the greatest bankers in Germany, the chief burgomasters of the most influential towns in the country, as well as kings of industry whose names are household words all over the world.

Dr. von Stauss, director of the Deutsche Bank, is chairman of the Company. Herr Heck, the great industrialist of Dessau, is vice-chairman. The list that follows is quite incomplete, but it contains some of the important names which show the tremendous effort that Germany is making to conquer the air: Dr. von Finck, of the Bank of Munich; Herr Jacob Goldschmidt, chairman of the board of directors of the Darmstadter Bank; Dr. Harter, director of

the Commerz and Privat Bank; Herr Nathan, director of the Dresden Bank; such industrialists as Dr. von Siemens, of the world-famous electrical and engineering firm; Dr. Stimming, director-general of the Norddeutscher Lloyd; two directors of the Disconto Gesellschaft; Dr. Schwab, the steel magnate; Herr Louis Hagen, the great Cologne industrialist; the chief burgomasters of Cologne, Essen, Leipzig, Bochum, Munich, Frankfort, Mülheim, and Erfurt; Herr Blum, Minister in Bavaria; and ministers in the Governments of Saxony and Prussia.

These representative names indicate that the Luft Hansa is no ordinary company. No wonder that its power is almost despotic and its influence far-reaching. It is not the single effort of one individual corporation striving for trade, but the concerted interests of a whole country attempting to radiate power throughout Europe.

A giant air liner capable of carrying a hundred and thirty passengers and a crew of thirty-five at a speed of 320 kilometres an hour has been planned by Dr. Rumpler, the famous German designer, who was responsible for so many fighting machines during the Great War. Everybody will remember the Taube airplane used by German pilots. The Taube was only one of the many fighting machines designed by Dr. Rumpler, who gave me a special interview at his sumptuous offices in Berlin. 'Commercial flying must look to the great air liner capable of carrying a hundred passengers or more under luxurious conditions,' said Dr. Rumpler. 'I have been working for five years on such a design. At last I am able to give you the complete details of this air liner which I hope will shortly be built. The design is entirely novel. There will be ten water-cooled engines each of a thousand horsepower, and the passengers' quarters, saloons, promenade decks,

and the
the
height
fitte
cons
main
ing
signe
will
man

'T
its l
120 t
alone
to b
milli
the r
hours
thou
out a
engin

'I
with
abro
whic
steel
span
metr
The b
of fif

'I
differ
room
the f
can b
order
the P
from
There
and
and
centr
also
who
view.

Dr
aviati
new
atten

and smoking-rooms will be situated in the wings, which are two metres in height. The machine is obviously best fitted for transatlantic work, and the construction is such that flight could be maintained with only six engines working out of the ten. Each cabin is designed for six passengers, and there will be two classes — first and Pullman.

The total weight of the machine with its load of passengers and freight will be 120 tons, and the weight of the machine alone fifty tons. It will take two years to build, and should cost about one million dollars. The cruising speed of the machine will be 320 kilometres an hour and the petrol consumption three thousand litres an hour, which works out at about one litre per kilometre per engine.

I am negotiating at the present time with several firms, both at home and abroad, for the building of the machine, which will be of duraluminium, with steel for the essential parts. The wing span will be 94 metres, the length 39 metres, and the height 9.20 metres. The benzine tanks will have a capacity of fifty thousand litres.

'I have secured patents for all the different parts of the machine. The rooms for the passengers are placed in the front of the wings. The armchairs can be transformed into beds, and in order to deaden the noise of the engines the passengers' rooms are separated from the engine-room by a wide passage. There will, of course, be a dining-room and a smoking-room. The captain's and officers' quarters will be in the centre of the wings. There will be also a projecting part for the pilots, who will thus have an unlimited view.'

Dr. Rumpler's position in German aviation circles is so eminent that his new design is attracting tremendous attention. Junkers are also contem-

plating the construction of a monster airplane, but this firm considers that progress should be made by a less startling leap. It is accordingly building what will be known as the J-1000, with ample accommodation for thirty passengers. Work on this is already far advanced at Dessau, and the airplane will be handed over to Luft Hansa.

The next two largest machines are the Dornier Wahl and the Superwahl. Both these have British engines. The Wahl, with two 360-horsepower Rolls-Royce engines, is now in service between Stettin and Stockholm. The Superwahl is completing its last trials before Luft Hansa is ready to start its Marseille-Barcelona daily service this summer. The full route of this new line will be Berlin, Stuttgart, Basel, Marseille, and Barcelona. The Superwahl is fitted with two Rolls-Royce 650-horsepower engines, and there is accommodation for twenty-five passengers, two pilots, and a wireless operator. Trial trips on Lake Constance have proved successful.

Konigsberg is at present the winter permanent station of the busy Berlin-Danzig-Konigsberg route. This summer it was the halfway house between Berlin and Moscow. Under that arrangement the German Luft Hansa flew a daily return service to Konigsberg which connected up with a Russian Deruluft route Konigsberg-Moscow. The special German all-metal sleeper left Tempelhofer Feld at 1 A.M. to connect with the Deruluft machine that reached Moscow at 5.30 in the evening of the same day.

This branch of the line in turn served as a connection with the Russian Dobrolet line between Moscow and Turkestan, and with the Russian Ukravosduchputz line flying between Moscow and Odessa. All these lines over Russian territory, including the

route Konigsberg-Moscow, temporarily ceased operations at the end of November, owing to the rigor of the Russian winter.

This week M. Fette, the Russian director of the Deruluft, suddenly arrived in Germany. I had the good fortune to meet him, and persuaded him to unfold his plans to me. 'The present fleet of the Deruluft, a German-Russian concern, is composed of eight Fokker F. W.'s, with one 360 Rolls-Royce engine apiece, two Grulich VI's, and one L. V. G. 220 Benz,' he said. 'Five of these Fokkers are at present in Konigsberg, while the rest of the fleet is at Moscow. All this is going to be changed. I have come to arrange the purchase of a number of powerful three-engined airplanes for the Konigsberg-Moscow route. Next year we intend to fly all the way to Berlin, and for this it will be necessary to have comfortable sleepers. I have not yet quite decided what machines will be most suitable. Our plan is to run daily services summer and winter.

'The German Luft Hansa will probably continue an independent service to Konigsberg, although our line, as I stated before, is run in conjunction with theirs. The Deruluft is much used by German business men, and is always crowded. We are firmly convinced that we shall be able to do without any Gov-

ernment subsidy within a period of from three to four years.'

Next spring, therefore, Europe will wake up one sunny morning to find the new summer Luft Hansa map. The German flag will be carried to Copenhagen and Malmö, to Amsterdam on the west and Moscow on the east. Southwest there will be the great new line Berlin-Basel-Marseille, and there you will find the greatest of all flying sea boats, the Superwahl, lying at anchor in the French harbor with the German flag flying at the helm, waiting to take its twenty-five passengers and crew to Barcelona on the Spanish coast.

Is the Luft Hansa a potential military organization? Is Germany seeking to evade military control by this wide commercial undertaking?

It is impossible to give a direct answer to these questions. I am convinced that the main objective is purely commercial. Germany realizes the enormous gains to be reaped by owning the premier commercial company in the world, not only because this undertaking hopes to become self-paying, and therefore of the greatest benefit to the company, but also because it will benefit the cities owning the aerodromes; and she knows also that her trade will increase as foreign governments and firms realize the reliability of German engines and airplanes.

TH
We
bod
boo
arti
defe
Wel
was
enou
desce
succ
alm
hav
pers
of m
cond
of a
to b
edge
more
bias
ordin
in w
But
repr
carri
effici
orde
man
sync
is no
swee
agre
read
it ma
ent w
1 F
ent w

A GREAT CONTROVERSY¹

BY THE WORLD AND H. G. WELLS

I. WELLS VERSUS BELLOC

THE present controversy between Mr. Wells and Mr. Belloc, which is embodied in two small recently published books, arose out of a series of critical articles written by Mr. Belloc on the defects, or alleged defects, of Mr. Wells's *Outline of History*. The *Outline* was a great piece of work, a positively enormous *tour de force*, which fully deserved, not only the huge popular success which it has achieved, but almost all the flattering things that have been said about it by eminent persons of all faculties. But a history of man from 500,000 B.C. to 1914 A.D., conceived and written within the space of a year or two, could not of course fail to be full of all sorts of errors of knowledge and judgment. It displayed, moreover, a degree of purely personal bias which was quite incompatible with ordinary scientific notions of the way in which history ought to be written. But its merits eclipsed its defects. It represented a magnificent conception, carried out with industry and practical efficiency of an extraordinarily high order. It gives a view of the history of mankind which may often seem idiosyncratic and wrong-headed, but which is none the less a view with a splendid sweep, worth considering, worth disagreeing with, but, above all, worth reading; and it is not impossible that it may survive everything else that Mr. Wells has written.

¹ From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), November 27 and December 11

Mr. Belloc, however, as a good Catholic, did not like it,—for in such a work Mr. Wells's curious hatred of the Catholic Church naturally found full expression,—and so he set about the easy but surely otiose task of picking holes in it, finding fault with its facts and with its reasoning, and so on. And Mr. Wells took up the challenge! That is the astonishing thing. Mr. Wells ought, of course, to have said: 'Well, if you don't like my *Outline*, just you sit down and try to write a better one—and good luck to you!' And then it would not have been very easy for Mr. Belloc to find very much more to say. He would, of course, have sat down and done it, and for twenty years or so would have had little time for criticism or anything else.

But instead of taking that simple course, Mr. Wells has chosen to attempt to defend, if not the verbal inspiration, at least the literal accuracy of every line of his book—an absurdly impossible task. That, of course, makes the controversy all the more amusing, but it also ensures the ultimate defeat of Mr. Wells, partly because such a book as his *Outline* is bound to be infinitely vulnerable in detail and can be defended only as a whole, and partly because Mr. Belloc is a very able controversialist while Mr. Wells is temperamentally incapable of effective argumentation. Both are rather unscrupulous in debate, and both employ personal abuse without compunction. But in other respects they are ill-matched. At this particular

sport Mr. Belloc is ten times more skillful than Mr. Wells. He fails at times, by forgetting apparently that casuistical arguments never convince anybody of anything, but he knows how to conceal a wound, — if he ever notices one, — and never expects to work wonders with cheapish sneers. In short, he understands the game and Mr. Wells does not — almost amazingly does not.

But the curious thing about this particular controversy is that it turns largely upon a point about which Mr. Wells might be supposed to know much more than Mr. Belloc, and yet about which Mr. Belloc is substantially in the right — namely, the adequacy of the theory of natural selection as an account or explanation of the evolution of man. The general controversy about Catholic theology is of no special value or interest — as might be supposed of any debate between an orthodox Papist and a man who seems never to have understood that 'religion' can mean anything at all to anyone who is not bemused by silly superstition. But the discussion of Darwinism is of real interest. In his *Outline* Mr. Wells gave a summary of the theory of natural selection in a form which was commonly enough accepted thirty or forty years ago, but which few modern biologists, we imagine, would care to have to defend. All that he wrote then and all that he writes in *Mr. Belloc Objects*, implies that he regards the theory of natural selection as the *causa causans* of the evolutionary process by which man has arisen out of the amoeba.

Mr. Belloc was characteristically quick to observe this weakness and to point out that, while such a view of evolution may have been practically terrible in the days when Mr. Wells attended science lectures in South Kensington, it is nowadays defended

only by a dwindling, and not very distinguished, minority of biologists. Mr. Wells quite rightly argues that the occurrence of what Darwin called 'natural selection' is beyond doubt, is indeed almost a necessity of thought. The 'fittest' *must* have tended to survive and the 'unfit' tended to drop out; and through this process evolutionary changes must have occurred and be still occurring. But that argument, logically irresistible in itself, really begs the whole point. Natural selection undoubtedly operates; but what single scrap of evidence has post-Darwinian biology to offer to prove that natural selection leads to positive advance, that it acts, in short, as anything more than a drag on the wheel of natural degeneration? No such evidence exists. We know that higher forms of life have developed out of the lower, and we know that natural selection is an operative factor in biology. But we do not know that it is a prime factor, or in any way an important factor, adequate to explain what has happened. On the contrary, its inadequacy has become more and more glaringly apparent; and it has become apparent largely for the reasons which Mr. Belloc mentions — especially the difficulty of explaining how the development of a totally new organ or faculty, say eyesight, can have been of definite 'survival value' at *every* stage in the enormously slow and gradual process which is postulated by the Darwinian theory.

This difficulty has in fact been sufficiently realized since the days when Mr. Wells was at South Kensington, and it is quite usual now for biologists to profess complete agnosticism as to the means by which 'evolution' has come about. Mr. Belloc quotes several European authorities who have ceased to believe in natural selection as the primary cause of 'evolution'; and it

would be easy to add to his list. More and more, biologists are finding themselves driven to postulate a series of totally inexplicable 'mutations.' Professor J. Arthur Thomson, for example, — who has so often written in these columns, — finds it necessary to suggest in his last work on the origin of man that at certain moments in the world's history inexplicable 'leaps' occurred. There was a moment when the brains of all mammals — including apes and elephants — seem quite suddenly to have expanded. 'The modern geneticist,' writes Professor Bateson, in the new volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 'assigns to natural selection a subordinate and inconsiderable rôle.' In the same way the president of the Geological Section of the British Association last year, Professor Parks, found it necessary to postulate 'some marvelous event due to certain conditions which have never since been duplicated.'

Mr. Wells jeers at Mr. Belloc for believing in 'design': —

Catholic evolution is a queer process into which 'design' makes occasional convulsive raids; between which raids species remain 'fixed'; but still it is a sort of evolution.

Very likely Papist views of evolution are mostly nonsense, but here at any rate, if Mr. Wells properly describes them, they seem to coincide with the consensus of modern scientific opinion. These 'leaps,' these 'convulsive raids,' these 'marvelous events,' seem to have occurred. In his very latest book Professor Thomson speaks of them as 'abrupt or brusque new departures.' But it does not matter what they are called; the point is that without some such postulate evolution seems now to be almost as inexplicable as it was before Darwin was born. 'We venture to doubt,' writes Professor Thomson,

'whether there was ever a "brutal stage" in the evolution of man.' And again: 'Primitive man expressed a mutation, a sudden uplift, separating him by a leap from the animal.' Mr. Belloc suggested that there have been 'enormously long periods of stable type' and certain 'rapid periods of transition.' His suggestion may be wrong, but it is fully in accord with the most recent conclusions of biological science. And it is surely obvious that the causation of such 'leaps,' such 'rapid periods of transition,' is of enormously greater importance than any true or untrue theory of 'natural selection.'

There exists in fact no evidence whatever to show that natural selection is actually at work anywhere as a *progressive* force. On the other hand, there is plenty of evidence to suggest, if not to prove, that the Cro-Magnon race, which is supposed to have existed twenty-five thousand years ago, was in every biological respect superior to any race of men that exists to-day. They had, of course, no railways or loud-speakers, no means of concentrating or expressing that mob spirit which Mr. Wells seems to regard as the God of the golden future. But their stature and physique, according to the latest research, were immensely superior to ours, and the brainpans even of their women were larger than those of the modern 'Nordic' male, 'especially' — as Professor Thomson points out — 'in the cerebral regions concerned with thinking and speaking.' Their extraordinary artistic achievements are well known, — and are in fact admirably illustrated in Mr. Wells's *Outline*, — and even though they had no airplanes or gramophones, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that in comparison with them we of the twentieth century are mere biological degenerates.

And these Cro-Magnons seem, moreover, to have arrived suddenly from

nowhere. They were not descended from the Neanderthals. They just arrived, trekking westward, and exterminated the Neanderthals. Where did they arrive from? Why were they so immensely superior? Why does the whole history of species, animal or human, present a series of just such sudden and unexplainable arrivals? 'The great weight of geological evidence,' said the geological Professor Parks to the British Association, 'points to the supplanting of one species by another, not to the transformation of species into their successors . . . the advent of a new species is generally unheralded by even a few individuals showing their connection with an earlier species.' These are the questions to which faithful Darwinians have no plausible answers to offer. The 'record of the rocks' shows that evolution has been progressive and that man is biologically descended from some sort of ape, but it seems to show also that there have been 'leaps' or 'marvelous events' of which orthodox creationism offers as plausible an explanation as any other theory. The point is not that Catholic creationism should therefore be accepted, but merely that the scientists have at present no other acceptable explanation to offer us. That natural selection operates is obvious, but that it leads to any progressive improvement of men or dogs or oysters is not obvious at all. That is why Mr. Belloc scores in this controversy, and why Mr. Wells was surely unwise to provoke it. Science can in general afford to challenge the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church with an assurance of ultimate victory; but it must be certain of its ground, and not seek to oppose the outworn dogmas of nineteenth-century science to the perhaps equally indefensible dogmas of a controversialist like Mr. Belloc. To do that is merely to give the game away.

And that is what Mr. Wells, with his rather rusty biological knowledge, seems to have done. For in this particular matter Mr. Belloc has on his side, not only the Pope, but a very substantial proportion of the pundits of modern science, and Mr. Wells has allowed him to steal their thunder.

R. B.

II. MR. WELLS REPLIES

To the Editor of the *New Statesman*

SIR,—In your issue of November 27 a contributor, 'R. B.', writes a testimonial against my scientific attainments that would be much more—or much less—effective if his own standing in the world of science were known. He adjudicates magisterially upon this brawling controversy that has been forced upon me by Mr. Belloc. May I point out to your readers who may not have read the books and pamphlets in question that he completely misunderstands and misstates the main points at issue. Mr. Belloc declares, and your contributor repeats with the utmost docility, that I have a 'curious hatred' of the Catholic Church. Nothing could be further from the truth. The rôle of the Catholic Church in preserving and shaping European civilization and sustaining a multitude of sweet and holy lives is insisted upon in the *Outline* in passage after passage. He also sustained Mr. Belloc's assertions about my attitude to 'natural selection.' Mr. Belloc blankly misconceives Darwinism and has imagined some preposterous beliefs for me that bear only the faintest resemblance to what I have said and maintained. On these misrepresentations he has based a plethora of articles—to be published presently in book form—and a pamphlet of abusive tirades, purporting to be Catholic apologetics, to which my little pamphlet, intelligently read, is a quite sufficient reply. To judge from

Mr. prepa
But t
hims
to fa
that
must
cient
word

I c
ur
the e
'R.
regar
cause
have
as I
select
inevi
aver
nothi
varia
plain
'R.
mine
can j
he su
and c
sial li

In
intro
'rusti
and t
wise
free o
gists,
discus
early
discus
the re
innova
and b
is at p
the i
proce
exagg
I see
mould
flux o

Mr. Belloc's previous quarrels, these preposterous noises will go on for years. But when 'R. B.', whoever he is, avails himself of the prestige of your columns to father upon me anew the opinions that suit Mr. Belloc's game, I think I must supplement my small but sufficient pamphlet with a few additional words.

I do not 'regard the theory of natural selection as the *causa causans* of the evolutionary process.' Correcting 'R. B.'s' eccentric English, I do not regard natural selection as the prime cause of the evolutionary process. I have explained as clearly and carefully as I can that natural selection is—selection, not initiation, that it is the inevitable sieve which determines the average of any species, and that it has nothing to do with the causation of variations. The thing is put quite plainly in the *Outline of History*, and 'R. B.' can no more quote a passage of mine to justify his assertions than he can jump over the moon. What good he supposes he is doing by repeating and circulating afresh this controversial lie I cannot imagine.

In an atmosphere not defiled by the introduction of such matters as the 'rustiness' or otherwise of my biology and the scientific standing—or otherwise—of 'R. B.', in an atmosphere free of quotations from eminent biologists, carefully clipped to fit them to a discussion to which they do not properly belong, it would be interesting to discuss the issue raised by 'R. B.' of the relative importance of selection and innovation in determining the forms and balances of life. I think that there is at present a disposition to minimize the importance of the controlling process in the biological drama and to exaggerate that of the initiating drives. I see natural selection as the final mould of life. Within that mould the flux of life may have great freedom to

shape itself whenever the mould is not tight. Biologists concentrating upon such proliferation, and forgetting the more general aspects of nature, may appear to minimize the rôle of natural selection quite absurdly. This is a pretty subject, but I do not see that it can be handled with any dignity or interest in connection with these controversies.

H. G. WELLS

120 Whitehall Court, S. W.

December 6

III. MORE COUNTRIES HEARD FROM

To the Editor of the *New Statesman*

SIR,—Your contributor, 'R. B.', who protests that the Pope and Mr. Belloc are better biologists than Darwin and Mr. Wells, may be frightfully up to date and all that, but he has forgotten that his chief example—the occurrence of apparent 'leaps' in the evolutionary series—was demonstrated by Darwin himself in the *Origin of Species*.

As for 'R. B.'s' declaration that 'there exists no evidence whatever to show that natural selection is actually at work anywhere as a *progressive force*,' which he seems to think a knock-out for the 'Darwinians,' of course Darwin proved only that natural selection leads to the extinction of many species and the divergence of others, and said nothing about 'progress' or 'positive advance,' unless progress be better adaptation to environment and greater capacity to 'survive'; while Huxley, if I remember right, devoted a whole Romanes lecture to showing that evolution is not necessarily 'progressive' in any human or moral sense. As a matter of fact, I don't understand why 'R. B.'—not to mention the Pope and Mr. Belloc—keeps challenging Darwin and Wells to account for 'positive advance,' and

then obligingly reminds them that the Cro-Magnon race, which disappeared twenty-five thousand years ago, 'was in every biological respect superior to any race of men that exists to-day.'

Darwin's main contention, that the theory of natural selection explains more of the method of evolution than any other, though criticized naturally and supplemented by later biologists, remains, I take it, unshaken. And there is still room for divine agency, if Mr. Belloc and 'R. B.' want it — for instance, in inspiring 'variation,' an *exiguum clinamen* which Darwin was obliged to postulate.

JOHN MAVROGORDATO

'R. B.' writes: 'I must first confess to Mr. Wells that I have no scientific "standing" or attainments whatever, and I have never professed any. I merely endeavor to follow the pronouncements of scientists with such intelligence as "natural selection" has provided me with. If Mr. Wells "does not regard natural selection as the prime cause of the evolutionary process," I have nothing more to say — except that I should have thought it impossible for any ordinary reader of his *Outline of History* to avoid the conclusion that he regarded natural selection, not merely as the prime cause, but as the all-sufficing cause, of such "progress" as men and beasts have made since "creeping things" first emerged from the water. I am glad to have been humbly instrumental in securing this statement from Mr. Wells; for it is a very important statement — an admission, on the face of it, that science knows nothing of the

"prime cause" of the evolution or creation of man, which cannot in fact be explained as yet in terms of any merely mechanical process. On the point of my English I must cry *touché*; Mr. Wells might fairly have said "sloppy" instead of "eccentric" — but the editor ought to have noticed it and put it right.

'Mr. Mavrogordato's argument I find rather hard to follow (may I in passing assure him that I am not a Catholic, or even a Christian). I wrote no single word against Darwin, whom I regard as one of the three or four greatest scientists — in the proper meaning of that word — that have ever been born into this world. I know of no instance in which Darwin claimed more than he could prove. But the "Darwinians" are another matter — and the "neo-Darwinians" yet another. My proposition is really a perfectly simple one, to which I venture to suppose Darwin himself would assent if he were still alive. It is that, while natural selection is in itself a self-evident process, there is as yet no evidence whatever to show that it has played even as important a part in the process of evolution (that is to say, in that "positive advance" which is completely proved by the "record of the rocks") as a gardener with his shears plays in the growth of a privet hedge. Obviously, as it seems to me, the growth is the important and as yet incomprehensible business; the clipping is an altogether minor affair. That was really all I wished to suggest in my article — concerning which I truthfully say that I did not consult the Pope.'

THE
harbo
Japan
might
begin
of the
from
has b
centu
by its
the li
Japan
of As
world
by th
slave

If t
of the
ised fu
might
greatn
of the
official
helples
they n
barley
needed
drougl

The
harbo
waters
down
Korea
lies th
and of
story o
it is n
story o

¹From
ican dail

CHANGING KOREA¹

BY FRANK H. HEDGES

THE hills of Korea look out across the harbor at Fusan to the Islands of Japan; they fringe the banks of the mighty Yalu River where Manchuria begins. They rise and fall like the waves of the sea, but in uneven undulations, from end to end of the peninsula that has been torn with strife through the centuries, that has ever been coveted by its neighbor nations, that served as the link which brought pre-Buddhist Japan into the culture and civilization of Asia at a time when the Western world had not as yet been conquered by the force of ideas, but was still slave to the force of the strong arm.

If there be a symbol for the Korea of the past, the present, and the promised future, it is her hills. Crowned with mighty forests in the day of Korea's greatness, they were ruthlessly stripped of their wealth through the years of official corruption, until, barren and helpless, the prey to storm and rain, they menaced the fields of rice and barley in the valleys that so sorely needed protection from flood and drought.

The hills of Korea look out from the harbor at Fusan, and they border the waters of the Yalu, they march up and down the peninsula; but the hills of Korea are changing, and in that change lies the story of what Korea is doing and of Korea's true problem. It is not a story of war, of politics, of diplomacy; it is not even for the time being the story of a people's struggle for political

freedom. It is a story of rice and wheat, of silk and coal and cotton, of irrigation and scientific farming and of afforestation. It is the story of an ancient and saddened people's struggle for economic equality that in turn they may have political freedom — or equality. Korea has at last caught a glimpse of a brighter future. The Koreans now know that if they labor long and patiently and well they themselves will enjoy the fruits of their labor instead of watching them wrested from their hands by a greedy and corrupt officialdom.

The hills of Korea, barren, helpless, unprotected, a menace rather than a guardian so short a time ago, are changing. Tiny seedlings are being set out all over their wind-swept nakedness. Already in many places these seedlings have had a few years' growth, and their roots are binding the sand, the dust, into firmer, more solid soil that will not wash down into the valleys to cover the rice fields with the coming of great storms, but that will catch and hold the water and perform the service of a nation-wide reservoir.

Ten years ago the hills of Korea seemed to be the bald pate of an old man who had run his course and was but waiting patiently to die. Covered with their scrub pines which have just begun to grow, they look now like the close-cropped head of a young schoolboy, and with the change in the hills there is coming a change in Korean psychology, and the Korean is coming to look out on the world no longer as a

¹ From the *Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American daily), December 23, 24

bald old man, but as a young schoolboy, with all of the schoolboy's ambition and energy. And yet something of the accumulated experiences and wisdom of the centuries of suffering and poverty remains, for the Korean people, except for the steadily diminishing firebrands, realize that they must work to make and accumulate wealth if they would purchase the place in political life and other fields of endeavor which they covet.

And they are fortunate indeed that their suzerain nation, the Empire of Japan, sees the Korean problem as an economic rather than as a political, military, or diplomatic one. In talking with Koreans, Japanese, and foreigners resident in Korea, not once was any topic brought into the conversation that savored of politics, but all were economic questions, until at the close of the conversation I would raise the political question myself, but always to be answered with such a phrase as: 'Politics have been relegated to the background — at least for the time being.'

And so the story of Korea, the story of Korea's hills and Korea's people, must perforce be a tale of rice and silk and ginseng, of the building of railways and the making of roads, with here and there a few factory chimneys and mines. But before that story is told it is well to sketch the peninsula of Korea, to picture the people and the civilization who are the *dramatis personæ*.

Fusan, the gateway to Korea from Japan, is a port that might be picturesque but that is not. Approached just as the sun rises from the sea astern, mountains and mountain islands ring the harbor about in a rough, uneven circle, while their crests and ridges are even more jagged and disorderly than the shore line. The city of Fusan and its clustering neighbors do not reveal themselves in fullness from the harbor.

The little group of buildings at the dock stands out, and farther along the shore are seen the chimneys of railroad yards and cotton-spinning mills. The torii of a Shinto shrine, unfailing emblem of Japan, crowns a low hill that overlooks the town, but on a higher hill in another section there stands a far more magnificent building whose spire bears a Christian cross. Only crumbling walls and unkempt courtyards give evidence that Korea once was a stronghold of the Buddhist faith.

Fusan is an industrial and a railway town, but it is almost the only centre of this sort in all Korea, for more than eight out of ten Koreans labor in the fields to wrest their livelihood from nature. In the whole day's ride from Fusan to Seoul only one factory of any size is seen. There are peasants in the fields, peasants everywhere, ploughing and sowing winter wheat or harvesting the fully ripened rice in the bright sunshine of early November. They work with primitive implements, with wooden ploughshares and with flails that rise and fall in a slow rhythm to beat the grain from the straw.

Garbed in the white costume of the land, here and there is a man or child with a brilliant splash of color from an undergarment, of red or green or blue that is intense in its primitive tone. On the road across the valley men are walking with slow, dignified stride that is the heritage of this land, seeming more like manikins or figures from some color print in motion than human beings.

It is a brown land, a land dun-colored and splashed over with yellow ochre at this season of the year. The fields near at hand lie stripped of their season's crops, and the hills that rise on either side are barren and dusty save where scrub pines burn with a dull green. A wide river meanders through the valley, its blue waters made doubly

blue i
aged
washe

but th
have b
hills a
of pea
dren,
promis
and re
ably u

Cott
banks
lying
tion
needed
stalks
that n
but li
visible
all is
grave-
ples, a
dot th

Japa
wilderi
thinly
It is a
land. '
precisi
petty
that se
but no
arrogan
only f
slips a
train p
balanced
to brin
hopes t
has no
guard s
to leav
without

If t
Korea
VOL. 33

blue in their drab setting. It is an aged land that shows its age, one washed by rain and flood —

an old land,
a tired land,
a land of other years,

but the dark green of the low pines that have been used to carpet many of the hills and mountains, and the groups of peasants, of men, women, and children, at work in the field, are the promise of the future, of the rebirth and regeneration that are unquestionably under way.

Cotton fields scramble along the banks of the railway, and the lower-lying fields are a patchwork of irrigation ditches and little banks that are needed for the raising of rice. Dried stalks cut close to the ground show that millet or wheat has grown here, but little indication of sericulture is visible. There are no towns or cities; all is farm land. There are few grave-mounds, fewer shrines and temples, and no monuments to past battles that dot the countryside.

Japan has been left behind, but a bewildering crust of Japanese culture lies thinly like a veneer over the peninsula. It is a different Japan from the homeland. There is a snappiness, a quick precision, about the gendarmes, the petty officials, the Japanese tradesmen, that seems strangely out of character, but none of that touch of haughty arrogance which was so perceptible only five years ago. A Korean woman slips around the station platform as the train pulls to a halt. On her head is balanced a wide basket filled from brim to brim with persimmons which she hopes to sell to the passengers; but she has no right to be there, and a train guard spies her. She is told, not ordered, to leave, and she turns quietly and without a murmur to disappear again.

If the Japanese seem lively, the Koreans form a contrast. They are

standing around, merely standing, doing nothing, by the droves. It is as if all the time in the world were theirs and they had nothing to do with it. A measured calmness prevails, and a curious disorderliness is universal.

Low mud huts with roofs of tiles or of thick-bundled thatch are scattered all around, the homes of these listless Koreans and of the workers as well. A two-storied Japanese house seems tall in contrast. There is poverty, such poverty as is not known in Japan itself, and the maimed and crippled beggars call out to the passer-by for coins.

Men who are gray with age and men in the prime of life stand with their wooden racks strapped to their backs, eager to bear a burden. Mere boys, children of six and eight years, stand a little farther down the road to catch any employers who may pass by their elders. Poverty and sore want are evident on every side — and dirt.

The Korean costume of white goods starched stiff, and often worn over a framework of bamboo or reeds, is not always spotless. The wonder is that it ever remains clean in so dusty a land. Men and women are still wearing the white mourning headdress for the death of the last of their emperors, Prince Yi, for whom all Korea mourned with loud wailing and lamentation earlier in the year. His death was a symbol of the passing of Old Korea, for he was the last of a line of kings to rule from Seoul. His son and heir is wedded to an Imperial princess of Japan, not to a daughter of Korea. There were wailing and mourning in public on a scale that would not be understandable in the West, but no political demonstrations occurred, and apparently no thought of politics entered the minds of the older generation who grieved to see their one-time monarch pass.

The familiar whir of airplane engines caused all eyes to turn upward as the

train pulled out of Fusen for the capital. Two army planes soared over the town, out across the harbor, and winged their way above the waters to some Japanese army base on the main island, only an hour or so away for them. Japan's final annexation of Korea in 1910 after fifteen hundred years of futile attempts was dictated by strategic reasons, but since then the military frontier of the Empire has been advanced and now lies in Manchuria. In Korea the military, too, has been relegated to the background by the farmer and the business man. The trains that run through the peninsula are better equipped and more luxurious than the army posts. Embankments, broken bridges, and tunnels of the hastily constructed narrow-gauge line that Japan built as her troops advanced to the plains of Mukden to meet the Russian foe, are to be seen, affording striking contrast to the excellent engineering work that has gone into the newer civilian line, built for profits and not primarily for war.

The train rushes on through the dun-colored landscape of late autumn, pricked into vivid color here and there by the blue waters of a meandering river, by the duller green of newly planted pine trees, or by the picturesque garments of Korea's sons and daughters. The valley widens to a plateau as Seoul is neared, but still there are no signs of urban civilization. All is farm land. The stations are little clusters of brick homes of railway workers and a few mud huts of peasants who work adjacent fields. The pace of the land is slow, very slow and patient, but work is going on. Everywhere there are burdened backs, men who bear loads twice and thrice their own size. There is dirt and there is squalor. The Korean people, ground down to listless despair by corrupt officials through the centuries, have not yet learned to

smile, but the wee children have learned to play, and dart about with happy cries and quick-rippling laughter. Like the young pines on the freshly planted mountain-sides, they are a more dependable sign of the future than are their burden-laden parents.

'The best way to establish good relations between Japan and Korea is to achieve economic equality; give both peoples enough to eat, and then let the religious workers carry on,' a high Japanese official said to me.

One of the most prominent Korean leaders, who was on the Japanese black list a few years ago as an independence agitator, took virtually the same position. He said: 'We cannot hope to achieve political or any other kind of independence until we have first achieved economic independence by our own work and efforts.' And an American observer who has lived long in Korea and who is sympathetic with the Korean people voiced an identical opinion: 'The one great problem in Korea to-day is how to better the economic plight of Korea's tenant-farmers — more than half the population. Politics have been relegated to the background, by both Japanese and Koreans.'

In fact, this seems to be the belief of the Japanese Administration, for in its present policy the economic development of the peninsula comes first. Some work is being done in education, but the expenditures in this direction are proportionately too small. Religious tolerance is as great as in Japan proper, although the provocation to come down with a heavy hand on certain missionaries who extend their activities into the political realm is great. Some blunders are inevitable, but on the whole Korea is better governed in the interests of the Koreans than is Japan in that of the Japanese. The Government is a bureau-

erned
appy
Like
anted
e de-
n are

good
rea is
give
then
'a

orean
anese
inde-
y the
cannot
other
have
dence
and an
long
with
ntical
em in
r the
mant-
popula-
ed to
e and

elief of
or in
conomic
comes
ne in
n this
small.
as in
voca-
hand
extend
realm
table,
better
Kore-
Japa-
ureau

erned
appy
Like
anted
e de-
n are

good
rea is
give
then
'a

orean
anese
inde-
y the
cannot
other
have
dence
and an
long
with
ntical
em in
r the
mant-
popula-
ed to
e and

elief of
or in
conomic
comes
ne in
n this
small.
as in
voca-
hand
extend
realm
table,
better
Kore-
Japa-
ureau

erency with a minimum of politics to impede its smooth working. Koreans are being given increased participation in public affairs, but what influence they exert must as yet be largely in the way of advice, for they have no executive or legislative machinery worthy of the name.

The story of Korea to-day is no longer the story of politics and the independence movement. It is the tale of increased productivity and the attempt to make the Budget balance. Of all the measures that are now being taken, that of increasing the production of rice by half must come first. It was the pet scheme of the late Civil Superintendent, who managed to get a bill through the Imperial Diet in Tokyo making available millions of yen for this purpose. 'Ten million yen are needed every year,' said the chief of the Japanese Agricultural Bureau at Seoul, 'to make Korean imports and exports balance. The quickest method to do this is to increase the rice crop. With the funds now available, the present crop of fifteen million koku can eventually be raised to twenty-three million koku.'

'This will be done in part by the reclamation of waste land in the valleys and on the mountain-sides, in part by increased and better irrigation, in part by improved methods of tillage and fertilizing. Some of the money appropriated will be used as a subsidy, but most of it will be in the form of loans on easy terms to Korean farmers. The landowners in the districts affected will form themselves into an association which will receive a loan for this purpose and which will then do the work itself under the guidance and supervision of civil officials.'

'From eighty to eighty-five per cent of the Korean people are farmers. Industry is not even in its infancy as yet. There are a few cotton and spin-

ning mills, but virtually no others. They are increasing, especially the cotton mills, but they are of negligible importance in contrast with farming.

'At present Korea imports foodstuff, although increasing quantities of rice are shipped to Japan, which country takes about ninety per cent of all of Korea's exports. Many Koreans are too poor to eat rice. They raise that grain and sell it for export, and then with the money received import millet and other cheaper grains, principally from Manchuria. Many of them live on potatoes as their principal article of diet. We are trying to double the production of millet as well as that of rice.'

'As the rice yield increases, it is by no means certain that Korea will have a surplus for export. The standard of living will also rise, perhaps in greater ratio, which may more than consume the additional grain. The plan has been evolved and is being put into practice for the benefit of the Korean people, and not as a means of relieving the very serious food shortage in Japan proper.'

A comprehensive scheme for the unification of Korean railroads and the building of new lines has been worked out, and the Government General is now awaiting the necessary Imperial appropriations to begin construction. What that means is vividly shown by what has happened where good roads or railroads have already made crop transportation easy.

'I have a friend who lives upcountry,' the American Consul-General told me. 'Formerly he was forced to sell his rice on the local market for only ten yen a koku. Improved communication has enabled him to bring his season's crop to Seoul, and now he gets the Seoul price of thirty-five yen a koku!'

Is it to be wondered at that the Korean peasant willingly lays politics

and talk of independence to one side while he strives to bring about conditions where he will receive thirty-five yen instead of ten yen for his koku of rice?

Poverty is driving many Koreans across the Straits into Japan proper, and across the Yalu River into Manchuria and Siberia. In Manchuria they are a sorry lot. They cannot compete with the Chinese and Manchurian peasants and coolies, and they flit from pillar to post. In Japan the problem of Korean immigration is reaching serious proportions. There is no way to keep them out, for they are subjects of the Mikado, and Japan is committed to the policy of equal treatment. Peasants without property are attracted to Japan by the higher wages paid day labor. More and more is Korean labor building Japan's roads and railroads and performing all the unpleasant, heavy manual labor of the Islands. The Japanese cannot compete with the Korean as to wages and living conditions, and in fact is quite content to let the Korean do the dirty work. But Japan itself is overpopulated, and sooner or later the influx of Koreans into Japan proper will breed trouble on a major scale unless it is met and solved.

Japan is in Korea to stay. Only force of arms will ever drive her out. That is a fact that has to be faced and from which all argument or theory must start. Within the past year there was dedicated on one of the hills which enfold Seoul in their embrace the Chosen Dai Jingu, or the Great Shrine of Korea, a branch of the Ise Dai Jingu in Japan. The Ise Dai Jingu is the most sacred spot in all the Empire. The Great Sun Goddess, ancestress of the Emperor and of the Japanese people, is enshrined there, and there is kept the Sacred Mirror which she gave to the first earthly emperor as a symbol of her own soul.

Japan has set her seal, the Great Shrine of Korea, upon the peninsula, but as one strolls about the capital of Seoul it is not the shrine on the mountain-peak that is constantly in sight. Nothing is so striking about this city as the spires and crosses of the churches of Christianity. They seem to be on every hand, and they too symbolize a force that is at work among the Korean people. There are more Koreans who are Christians than there are believers in any other religion. They number a bare four hundred thousand; yet no other religion can muster even as many converts as that. At one time the Christian missionaries were a force in Korean politics. That time has fortunately passed, save in the case of a few missionaries who seem to be still more concerned with the kingdoms of this earth than that of heaven. Christianity, with its driving force, its emphasis on the individual, its active as opposed to a passive attitude toward life, has a function to perform in Korea, and none recognize and welcome this more than the higher officials of the Government General. Even those missionaries who cannot forget politics are treated with a tolerance which they themselves do not display.

Five years ago a visit to Seoul was discouraging. On every hand there was talk of independence, of Japanese tyranny, of rabid discontent. To-day these topics have disappeared from conversation, because they have disappeared from the minds of Koreans, Japanese and foreigners alike, except for a little minority. To-day honest work is the all-absorbing interest. Korea and Japan have both realized that Korea's problem is not political or religious, but that it is fundamentally economic, and they have set themselves to work to solve it along economic lines. After that, 'let the religious workers carry on.'

CHINESE ANTIFOREIGN POSTERS



This picture represents a missionary — labeled in Chinese 'Pastor or Priest' — devouring 'the brains and bones of the Chinese people,' while his dog — labeled 'Chinese Christians' — attacks the real Chinese people, that is, the man waving the two sticks. The legend at the top is, 'Strike and kill this cruel dog!'



On one side stands the foreigner, representing British imperialism, holding a mankin with a pistol, representing Wu Pei-fu. The two men carrying a banner and rifle are labeled 'The National Citizens Revolutionary Army.' The legend reads: 'The British, seeing that their hound, Wu Pei-fu, was being defeated by the National Citizens Army, have massacred innocent Chinese citizens at Wanhsien and at Chenglingchi in order to save their hound.'

(*North China Herald*)

THE DECLINE OF EUROPE¹

A BALANCE SHEET WITH A DEFICIT

WE do not profess to know whether the delusion is still widespread that the depression of trade and industry in this country is part of a world slump. But at any rate it is a delusion which can hardly survive even a cursory reading of the Memorandum on the subject just issued by the Economic and Financial Section of the League of Nations. For the figures there given bring out the fact that the world, taken as a whole, is enjoying a very considerable measure of prosperity. Since 1913 the world's population has increased by about five per cent. World production of foodstuffs and raw materials was, in 1925, up by from 16 to 18 per cent, and even world trade had kept pace with the rise in population, and risen by five per cent. For manufacturing production there are unfortunately no adequate data available, but such figures as there are indicate a world rise exceeding that of the production of foodstuffs and raw materials.

These figures indicate, indeed, a relative diminution in the quantity of international trade, accounted for by a growth of home, in comparison with foreign, markets. But they certainly do not indicate the existence of a world slump. The world's output per head of population is greater than before the war, and, if it were equally shared among the nations, would everywhere enable a higher standard of life to be sustained. Moreover, in face of the change in the age distribution of world

population, this increased production is being carried on by a labor force which has certainly not increased by five per cent, and most probably not at all. The war has not left the world poorer, if the world is treated as a single unit.

But, of course, though we have largely a 'world market,' the world is not a single unit. And as soon as we turn from considering the figures for the world as a whole to those for its parts, the situation appears in a different light. In North America, for example, population has risen by 19 per cent, production of foodstuffs and materials by 26 per cent, and foreign trade by 37 per cent, while it is estimated that the manufacturing production of the United States has increased by no less than 60 per cent. In Europe, on the other hand, even if Russia is left out, population is up by four per cent and production of foodstuffs and raw materials by from four to five per cent; but foreign trade is down by six per cent. If Soviet Russia is included, trade is down by 11 per cent and population up by only one per cent, the figure for foodstuffs and materials remaining unaffected.

This is a significant contrast which is already well known. But the figures for Asia — excluding Asiatic Russia — are equally startling. Asiatic production of foodstuffs and materials is up by about 20 per cent, and Asiatic trade by 36 per cent, whereas the increase in population is only five per cent. In fact, the tables presented in the Memo-

¹ From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), December 4

random present throughout a revealing contrast between Europe and the rest of the world. South American trade has fallen a little; but South American production has grown by 35 per cent. Central America and the West Indies actually show an increase of 70 per cent in raw products and nearly 30 per cent in trade. In Africa, where trade has stood still, raw production has advanced by 38 or 39 per cent.

What do these figures indicate? In the first place, no doubt, the relative impoverishment of Europe, the enormous increase in the wealth of America, and the great development of the Eastern countries as producers. This, however, is not the whole story. There is also a definite indication of a fall in relative trade volumes. Less of the world's products are crossing international frontiers, and so entering into the statistics of world commerce. More are being consumed at home — both more foodstuffs and more of the raw materials of industrial production.

This, of course, hits hardest those industrialized countries which are most dependent on their export trade, or on the performance of shipping and financial services in relation to the trade of the world as a whole. In short, it hits hardest Great Britain and Germany, which are the two great countries with the most artificial and vulnerable economic systems. It does not hit America, which is not so greatly dependent on exports, even of foodstuffs. Nor does it hit the Eastern countries, which are busy developing their own productive systems on the model of Europe and the United States.

It is, of course, a moot point how far this tendency to a decline in the relative importance of foreign trade is to be taken as permanent, how far it arises from the natural development of countries outside Europe, and how far it is dependent on an incapacity of

Europe for resuming the services in world trade which she formerly undertook. But, on the whole, the signs are that it is permanent. Whatever the position may have been in the years immediately following the war, Europe's disability to-day certainly is not an inability to produce. It is a failure to put her goods on the market in a form, or at a price, capable of meeting the effective demand. We referred last week to the growth of Japanese and other Eastern competition in the cotton-goods trade, as well as to the expansion of the cotton industry in America. In the metal trades, which accounted for so large a share of British and German exports, the trouble clearly is not a deficiency of productive power, for there is a surplus which is being immobilized by concerted restriction of output. Europe's weakness is partly that her prices are too high, and partly that her productive power is no longer adapted to produce in the right proportion the commodities for which there is a ready market.

This is a serious situation, and one which British and other European statesmen and business men are alike called upon to face. The remedy of low wages is clearly of no use, both because it cannot bring down prices far enough and because it throws good markets after bad and merely reduces itself to a fruitless competition between the European countries which are fellow sufferers from the same evil. The remedy must include a stimulation and not a further destruction of home and European markets. But it must also include a readjustment of industry itself, to suit not the structure of existing manufacturing plants but the requirements of available consumers.

It has been pointed out in more than one quarter lately that a drastic reorientation of British industry is already

beginning. The greatest unemployment to-day is concentrated in the heavy industries, the textile industries and those connected with transport overseas — the very industries on which our past economic prosperity has been chiefly based. These have declined, while such prosperity as exists discovers itself mainly in relatively new trades of a highly miscellaneous character, from the motor and rubber industries to the manufacture of artificial silk. The newer trades, moreover, are developing not so much in the older industrial centres as in the South and Midlands, and will in time cause a drastic redistribution of population as between North and South.

This is undeniable. And it is also undeniable that the greatest growth is in trades which largely minister to luxury rather than to necessity, and produce rather consumptive goods than means of further production. From the middle of the last century onward Great Britain has always been a great exporter of capital to the rest of the world. Nowadays, with our imports rising fast and our exports falling, we have no longer the same annual surplus available for investment overseas. This involves a change in the character of our industry. The export of capital naturally expressed itself in a demand for productive goods — locomotives, machinery, ships — sold abroad. But now we are turning more to the making of goods for consumption at home; and, in face of the present distribution of wealth in the country, and especially of the lowness of wage rates, this inevitably means largely a production of luxury goods for the relatively few.

This is an unhealthy situation. That a readjustment is needed in the character of our industry is obvious enough; but a healthy readjustment would turn our activity largely to the home production of goods required by the mass of the people. This, however, is impracticable unless the standard of demand can be raised by a raising of wages. But wages are still being pressed down, as in the coal trade, by the suicidal competition of European countries one with another. The United States is a continent, with a home market that is continent-wide, and enables manufacturers to cater for a wide and popular demand. Europe is still a chaos of warring economic units, of which some, like Russia, are starving for capital and equipment, while others are impoverished in the midst of idle plant which can find no market for its products.

If these are mere commonplaces, they are none the less worth repeating. In Europe, taken as a whole, there are all the requirements for a balanced system of internal exchange as efficient and wealth-giving as that of America. But our failure to create a European coöperative unit leaves us struggling in vain to meet the loss of old markets by catering for the needs of the small classes of luxury consumers in the various countries. If this need for European economic coöperation was the lesson which the League of Nations experts desired to enforce, they could have found no better means than the colorless but revealing collection of statistical data on which this article is based. May the International Economic Conference, when at length it meets, take the lesson to heart!

TREASURE-TROVE IN AUSTRIA¹

BY DOCTOR FRITZ DVORSCHAK

[THE author is Custodian of Coins in the Vienna Museum.]

AMONG all the treasure-trove of the old Austrian kingdom, the most remarkable was undoubtedly Attila's alleged hoard, unearthed in 1799 on the bank of the Aranka. This find consisted of twenty-three enameled gold vases, weighing altogether nearly fifteen pounds, and is now deposited in the Vienna Museum. In sober truth these articles date from almost four hundred years later than Attila, or presumably from the middle of the ninth century, and are conjectured to have come originally from the Caucasus.

Most of the early coins discovered in Austria have been unearthed by accident, and there is little likelihood that systematic excavations, outside of one or two known sites of ancient cities, would greatly enrich our present collections. Great finds of this sort are more usual in what were the older and more central portions of the Roman Empire. Among the most interesting of these are the five great gold medallions discovered at Abukir in Egypt, and now in a museum in Berlin. They bear the picture of Alexander the Great on the face and an allegorical representation of the Goddess of Victory on the obverse, and were coined in Macedonia in 242-243 A.D. as prizes for the victors in the Olympian Games.

Not long ago some three hundred

coins, medallions, and pieces of gold jewelry were discovered when digging clay at a brickyard at Arras in Northern France. Unhappily for science, this collection was scattered in all directions. It contained a medallion, weighing fifty-three grammes, commemorating the Constantius Chlorus who reigned toward the close of the third century A.D. and who was celebrated as the 'Restorer of Eternal Light' — that is, Roman culture — to Britain. The only comparable coin-treasure ever discovered in the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy was found in 1897, and consisted of fourteen large medallions containing portraits of the Roman Emperors from Maximianus to Gratian, and dating from 284 to 386 A.D.

Various motives moved people to bury their wealth in ancient times. Usually they hid their savings when a province was threatened by an invading army or civil war. This explains why so many of these finds are of modest sums and are made in rural districts; for the peasants were most likely to resort to such devices to conceal their little hoards. Usually they buried these in either a leather bag or an earthenware dish. We can conjecture that many of these were never recovered by their owner on account of the heavy toll of life by violence and pestilence that such disorders took. Furthermore, single coins were occasionally lost and never recovered. That must have been the case with the beautiful gold coin of the Emperor Tacitus, 275-276 A.D.,

¹ From the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt, Wochenausgabe* (Vienna Conservative daily), November 27

recently picked up in a freshly ploughed field near the city of Enns.

Larger finds often give us valuable clues to the trade and commerce of a region in former times. For example, in 1895 nearly nine hundred silver pennies, weighing about seven hundred grammes, were found when tearing down a very old building at Melk. This was equivalent, in the thirteenth century, from which the treasure probably dates, to about two years' rental of an average farm.

The earliest coins discovered in Austrian territory are of Celtic origin and date from shortly before the Christian Era. The most important discovery of this kind was made in 1903 by a peasant girl who was herding cows in the foothills north of the Ossiacher Lake. Another find of thirty pieces was made about the same time near the Semmering Chaussée. But the classic lands for Celtic coins are Hungary and Bohemia, especially the Burgenland, which also is a fruitful source for coins of Roman origin. The greatest Celt treasure ever discovered was unearthed near Podmokly in Bohemia in 1771, and consisted of five thousand gold pieces, the so-called 'rainbow bowls.'

The most famous discovery of Roman coins in Austria was made at Vienna in 1799 by a laborer employed in digging the Vienna-Neustadt Canal. It consisted of two hundred and forty-seven gold coins of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and had been buried about 167 A.D., at the time of the great Marcomannic War. These weighed nearly five pounds, and had a bullion value of over fifteen hundred dollars.

It was not until the twelfth century that the Austrian countries had a regular coinage of their own. We possess a practically continuous series from that date to the present, diversified with an interesting admixture from numerous foreign sources. For example, in the

thirteenth century, after Florence and Venice were captured, gold ducats began to circulate in Austria, and to leave evidence of themselves in buried treasures. The most important find dating from that period was made in 1876, on the site of the oldest Jewish cemetery, at Krems on the Danube. These coins, which were discovered when extending a neighboring vineyard, consisted of thirty gold guilders, each weighing three and a half grammes, from Florence, Hungary, Bohemia, Austria, Silesia, and Lübeck. They were discovered at the side of a skeleton, and several other coins were unearthed later near the same spot. It has been conjectured that they were buried during the persecution of the Jews in 1349.

Another treasure-trove of Jewish origin was made in the same town at a far earlier date. This occurred in 1471, when an ancient building in the former ghetto was torn down for the purpose of widening a street. Concealed in a wall was a tin flask containing six hundred ducats, worth at present bullion value nearly fifteen thousand dollars. This treasure was taken to the Emperor, who was entitled under the law to retain the royal two thirds; but the avaricious sovereign kept it all. In those days one had no recourse against His Majesty. Various conjectures arose as to how the money came to be hidden where it was found. Many thought it had been concealed when the city was threatened by the Hussites in 1430. This sum was double the entire tax of three hundred guilders levied upon the town by Duke Albrecht V.

About 1460 a hoard of one hundred and thirty ducats was hidden in an old house upon the market place at Senftenberg in Lower Austria, never to be discovered until 1919, when a door was broken through a wall. The coins were entirely of Hungarian origin, as Austria at that time coined practically no gold.

N
recent
When
house
was d
suppo
it we
oven
ered
1663.
hold
longer
family
cups,
gold
hundr
Amor
The n
1671,
It see
repres
who h
of the
Silv
found
mucha

[This
tures
couple
cheap
cost o
was le
ican c
of ficti
adapt

¹ Fro
British

Naturally, smaller treasures of more recent date are constantly being found. When installing a bathroom in an old house in Vienna not long ago, an attic was disclosed above a closet which was supposed to reach clear to the roof. In it were the remnants of an old baker's oven and a wooden dough trough covered with grain sacks bearing the date 1663. Beneath the trough were household effects that evidently had belonged to a well-to-do middle-class family, such as linen garments, dishes, cups, jewelry, three hundred and thirty gold coins, and one thousand, one hundred and forty-three silver coins. Among the former were several ducats. The most recent of the coins was dated 1671, but most of them were far older. It seems practically certain that they represented the savings of a merchant who had hidden them there at the time of the Turkish invasion of 1683.

Silver coins are far more frequently found than gold coins, as they play a much more important part in our monetary history. In 1922 a tobacco

worker found the oldest Austrian silver pennies as yet unearthed buried beneath a stone near Hainburg on the Danube. They had been coined at Krems, dated from the time of Leopold III and IV, and had been hidden about 1145 A.D., in fear of a Hungarian invasion.

Discoveries dating from 1200 and later are very common.

When we compare city and country treasure-trove of that period, we note at once the greater frequency with which foreign coins, including those of Italy, occur in the towns. Only domestic currency seems to have circulated among the peasants. Some such discoveries represent considerable savings, like the jar containing a thousand pennies found in a field near Wurzwoll. It is interesting to note that these country hoards are practically identical, so far as containers and methods of concealment are concerned, with those buried by country people in the Roman Empire, one thousand or fifteen hundred years earlier.

A CHEAP HOLIDAY IN JAPAN. I¹

BY SODESKA

[This amusing narrative of the adventures of a young English or American couple, resident in Shanghai, upon a cheap holiday in Japan, where the total cost of a twelve-day trip for two people was less than ninety dollars in American currency, will read like a chapter of fiction to more conventional and less adaptable tourists. One should be

previously familiar with the Orient, perhaps, thoroughly to enjoy the experience. Readers will bear in mind that the yen is practically fifty cents and the sen one half of a cent in American money. We begin the story at the point where the pilgrims board a Japanese steamer in Shanghai Harbor, on which, for the equivalent of about thirty-one dollars and fifty cents, they have taken accommodations in the

¹ From the *North China Herald* (Shanghai British weekly), October 23, 30, November 6. 13

native cabin for the trip from Shanghai to Nagasaki and return.]

WE reconnoitred our accommodation. There was a saloon on the main deck, aft of amidships, as a sailor would say. This was about thirty feet square, well lighted, perfectly clean, and with plenty of ventilation. Half of the available space was covered with mats, in the Japanese fashion, and cushioned seats ran round three sides. Of deck space there was about as much available for perambulation as one finds on the second-class portion of a P. and O. liner.

Leaving our suitcases in the saloon, we went downstairs. Here was a large room about twice as spacious as the upper-deck saloon. Dining tables with seats were ranged at one end, and along the sides were spaces reserved for sleepers. On either side was a large alcove with raised floor, covered with mats like a Japanese room, but with the front open to the saloon. These would accommodate about twenty-five people each. Similar space, but closed to the saloon, was reserved for families. There may have been three or four families who occupied this room, each little group choosing its own corner. Another room of the same kind was reserved for unaccompanied ladies, and one other for single men. Everywhere was spotless cleanliness. There was one four-berth cabin unoccupied. It was large and airy, and we considered whether we should not ask the steward to allot this cabin to us. We decided that as we had chosen to travel Japanese fare we would share the same accommodation as others of the same class, and did not ask for any favors. On the whole the upstairs saloon seemed the most attractive part, and we arranged our luggage so as to have sleeping places there. There were some half-dozen other travelers who shared

the space, but it was for only one night, and we comforted ourselves by saying we had sometimes traveled from Kuling at the end of the season, when it was necessary to sleep in the saloon because of the crowd on the steamer, and this seemed no worse.

It differed in only one particular. In traveling on the Yangtze our fellow travelers would be our own race. Here they were Chinese and Japanese. But we noted a great difference from what conditions would have been, say, in a Chinese inn. In the inn there would have been as little privacy as we found on the steamer, and we should have been pestered by the insatiable curiosity, not only of our fellow travelers, but of half the neighborhood. On the steamer the other passengers appeared to take no more interest in us than in each other. We were the only Europeans, but we were not made to feel that we were speckled birds. We moved around or sat down, and were not stared at or annoyed in any way. Traveling was infinitely easier than it is in the Chinese quarters of a steamer on the Yangtze.

The lavatory accommodation was clean and ample. There were basins to wash at, and large glasses for those wanting to shave. It was not first-class luxury, but it was perfectly sanitary, and we decided that there was nothing to grumble at. The men's lavatory was at one side of the saloon, the women's at the other. There was one large bath, but it did not seem to be taken advantage of at all.

Three meals were served on the ship — one about 7.30 in the morning, one at noon, and one about 6 P.M. These were the usual Japanese meals. We had clean white rice with fish, and fresh and salted vegetables for relish. They were thoroughly appreciated by those for whom they were provided. We could not make a full meal off this

fare, but a notice was posted in the lower saloon which intimated that breakfast, foreign style, would be provided for fifty-five sen, and tiffin for sixty-five sen. A chicken cutlet cost forty sen, ham and eggs thirty-five sen, beefsteak thirty sen, coffee and foreign cake twenty-five sen. A bottle of beer could be had for fifty sen, cider for twenty-five, and ice cream for fifteen sen. At these prices no one needed to go hungry because of inability to enjoy Japanese fare.

We found nothing to complain of in the matter of food, nor did we find any difficulty in asking for what we wanted. Most of the stewards spoke some English. Many, perhaps most, of the passengers also could converse with us, and everyone was willing to help us if we needed information. The stewards appeared to us to be fewer in number than they would have been on a similar vessel in China. Nor did they seem anxious to be of service. If called on, they did what one asked and immediately went about their business. We found at the end of the journey — which lasted just the stipulated twenty-six hours — that they did not look for tips, and the one man to whom we gave a yen seemed more surprised than pleased at his good fortune. I am not sure now that we should have given it. Not that I begrudge the yen; but the man was doing his duty as he saw it, currying favor from no one, and I doubt whether we had a right to demoralize him even to the extent of one yen. However, it may be a long time before the next foreigner travels at this end of the ship, and he may have recovered from the shock before then.

The voyage was uneventful. The air was balmy, the sea blue, and every little wave had its white cap on. Priscilla and I have sailed on most of the seas on this globe, but we are not good sailors, and we were more than

pleased when we entered Nagasaki harbor, which is one of the prettiest in the Island Empire. We were now in Japan, and the second stage of our adventure was due to commence. Where were we going to stay, and how should we fare? The answer to that question was on the knees of the gods, but was soon to be answered.

Leaning on the rail of the good ship Shanghai Maru as she slowly made her way toward the quay, Priscilla and I agreed that it was a wise provision of nature that harbors were situated in calm waters. How could one enjoy the bright sunshine, the blue sea, and the beautiful scenery on the unstable foundation of a rolling deck? We had been recommended to several Japanese hotels, and Priscilla decided on the Miyadora because 'the name sounds so Italian. Is there not a hotel of that name on the Rue de la Paix in Paris?' I opined that there might be, but that this was a purely Japanese establishment. Priscilla agreed, but without obvious enthusiasm.

The truth was that, while our hearts were yet stout and true, Neptune had dealt so hardly with us that we had little stomach, in the meantime, for the great adventure. Just then a little white card was thrust into my hand. On scrutinizing it I found that it advertised the Golden Eagle Hotel, which professed abundant advantages — double rooms and excellent cuisine at seven and one-half yen per day for two. I silently passed it on, and Priscilla considered it very thoughtfully. She said, a little shyly, and, as it seemed to me, insinuatingly, 'Don't you think we might try this for to-day? We should have time to look round for a suitable Japanese hotel and remove there to-morrow.'

Priscilla's woman's wit has often been my salvation, and, after a decent reluctance at giving up my brave hopes

of being a pioneer on behalf of all Shanghai's impecunious holiday makers, I agreed, but, 'only for to-day.'

The little representative of the Golden Eagle — who, as it turned out, was also the proprietor — was at our elbows, bowing and smiling. He spoke excellent English, was well dressed, and commanded our confidence. We signified our intention of bestowing our distinguished patronage on his establishment, and in a minute he had taken possession of our suitcases and attached mysterious strips of red paper to their handles, and we and they were henceforth his property. He piloted us with much skill through the Customs, which was an easy formality, and we found ourselves on the tramcar, tickets paid by Gaius our host.

Various brief visits to Nagasaki had given me a slight acquaintance with the topography of the town, and I noticed, with some apprehension, that we were heading for the district known as Oura, which is situated on the banks of a creek that has a certain resemblance, at low water, to the Yangking-pang, of unsavory memory. I recollect that the various resorts beloved of sailors were situated here, and I had visions of a bar where jolly tars would congregate, make night hideous with jazz tunes on the gramophone and a cracked piano, and wind up with a free fight some time in the early hours of the morning. I was glad I had consulted Priscilla and that it was she who had suggested we should succumb to the wiles of the prepossessing landlord of the Golden Eagle. The tram stopped at the very place I feared that it would. We were piloted across a bridge, and there was the bird. *E pluribus unum*, Stars and Stripes and all the appurtenances of a harbor-side sailors' bar. Our hearts sank, and Priscilla whispered bravely, 'It is just for to-day.'

We were shown upstairs, and the

room assigned us did not belie the bedraggled bird on the signboard; the furniture and carpets were well worn, the paper on the walls was torn in some places, and the depression of our spirits became more pronounced. I went to the windows. One commanded a view of the harbor, the other of the streets across the creek. Every glimpse of Nagasaki is beautiful — the blue water, the hills covered with verdure, and the cheeky little launches dashing in and out among the ships moored in the bay. Yes, the outlook was cheerful. Priscilla, more worldly-minded, had turned down the bedclothes; they were fragrant. She had examined the washstand; the water was fresh and clean, the towels spotless. She said, 'It will do.' The fiat had gone forth, and I made to myself the profound observation, 'Well, that's that.'

A maidservant appeared and said, with a smile and a bow, 'Tiffin is re-ady.' We looked at her. She was soberly dressed, and had no paint or powder about her. Another recommendation. This was an honest-to-goodness waitress, not a lure to catch sailors. Our spirits began to rise. We too were 're-ady.' Our deranged internal economy was giving notice that it was ready to resume business as usual; but what kind of fare would be provided? We hoped and feared, the fears predominating.

We went downstairs to the dining-room, which, like the entrance to the hotel, was separate from the bar. We found the table set, and Priscilla's critical eye surveyed it. Clean tablecloth. Ditto napkins. Knives and forks worn, but sparkling water in clean glasses. I knew by the way she settled into her chair that she was saying again, 'It will do.'

The first course was two large plates of savory soup. Not the detestable concoction you get on a first-class liner,

call
rem
sian
hav
thre
for
serv
sau
veg
not
stea
Jap
and
Hon
frui
lici
We
T
live
sick
had
read
but
mov
"but
let
keep
per
agr
time
cruc
com
the
be t
"Mea
and
desc
W
scri
Gol
furt
turn
six
we
form
're-
some

called consommé, but rich and fragrant, reminding us of Scotch broth or Russian borsch — just the thing we should have chosen had a good fairy offered us three wishes to choose what we would for lunch. Then came fish, nicely served with slices of lemon and tomato sauce. Beefsteak, potatoes, and other vegetables came next to view. We did not anticipate much from the beefsteak — we had heard that beef in Japan was just so-so. But it was tender and juicy as no steak bought in the Hongkew market is. Then followed fruit, which we declined — it was delicious fruit, but capacity has its limits. We finished with cheese and coffee.

The world seemed a good place to live in. After all, what is a little seasickness when it is over and you have had your first good meal? We were ready again to face our adventures, but we reconsidered the question of moving to a Japanese hotel.

'This,' said Priscilla, 'is excellent, but it is too good to last. We shall be let down at the next meal. He cannot keep this up at seven yen and fifty sen per day for two hungry people.' I agreed, and pointed out that at this time of day the bar was empty. 'The crucial time will be at night when sailors come and we have jazz, dancing, and the free fight. Yes, after all it must be the Japanese hotel.'

'Well,' said Priscilla, 'we'll see. Meantime let us go and visit Nagasaki and see whether it measures up to your description of it.'

We did, but I shall continue to describe our first day at the sign of the Golden Eagle, and then take up the further tale of our adventures. We returned from our first excursion about six o'clock. After a wash and brush-up we rested a little, and then were informed by Abigail that dinner was 're-ady.' We took our seats expecting something less appetizing than our first

meal, but optimistic that it would be palatable at any rate. The first course again was soup — good soup. The second was half a lobster on each plate. The third was roast chicken and vegetables. Followed fruit, cheese, and coffee. Priscilla asked, 'How does he do it? Moreover, it is all so well cooked. He is really a chef.'

Mine host came in, and hoped we had been able to make a meal of his poor provision, of which he was ashamed. We congratulated him on the excellent fare which he was giving us, and asked who cooked it. He confessed that he himself did. We learned that he had been cook to the Governor-General in the Philippines and to the founder of Stanford University in California. But he had done no cooking for a long time, and he had lost his taste. He had been in business in Honolulu. He had returned to Japan because his parents were getting old. Whether this was all true deponent sayeth not, but Priscilla, who is an excellent judge, awards him the palm for cooking of all the chefs she has known.

'John,' she said, 'we will stay here as long as we are in Nagasaki.' 'But,' I said, 'remember the jazz. What do you propose to do about that?' She said: 'We will go out and have a look at the streets by night. When we return it will be about bedtime, and we shall see how things are.'

I saw by the determined look in her eye that any rowdy sailors who might be disturbing the nest of the Golden Eagle were likely to have a bad time when Priscilla returned, weary, short-tempered, — people of a naturally sweet disposition are most dangerous when they are roused, — and ready for bed. I had visions of the crew of a second-class cruiser being put to flight across the bridge by Priscilla in her kimono.

We spent a couple of hours on the

street, and found it a very interesting experience. If there is anything to be bought in Nagasaki, from coffee sets at three hundred yen each to kimonos at one and one-half yen, of which Priscilla does not know the price, the thing is unknown to me. Why a woman wants to know the price of a hundred things which she has no more notion of purchasing than I have of buying Suwa temple is a mystery, and I leave it at that. Anyway, we returned at our usual 'elder's hour,' 10 P.M., and were ready for bed. As we approached the Golden Eagle we heard the tinkle of a piano, but it ceased as we entered, by what was our private entrance, for there were no other guests in the hotel.

I peeped into the bar and saw two fair-faced lads sitting at a table talking to mine host and one or two waitresses. Something in the cadence of their voices seemed familiar. I felt that it was a man's part to stand between his wife and danger. So I said to Priscilla, 'You slip upstairs, and I'll see who's in the bar.' I went in and joined the group. The lads were 'frae Aiberdeen.' Their ship had broken a crank shaft, and, to their disgust, they were marooned in Nagasaki for some months. They were indulging their depraved tastes in swilling that highly intoxicating liquor known as 'shandygaff,' and were smoking Japanese cigarettes.

I chatted with them awhile, and then went upstairs and reported to Priscilla that these wild sailors were two attractive lads. She then regretted that she had not ventured into the bar and talked with them; but it was now too late. She thinks she does not look well in a kimono, but that is nonsense — she looks well in anything. Tired out, we retired to our cots, and soon afterward there floated up to us the sound of the piano. Like Duncan Gray, we sighed 'baith too and in' and resigned ourselves to the horrors of jazz.

But the sounds seemed familiar. They resolved themselves into 'Home, Sweet Home,' played with one finger; and a little later came 'Auld Lang Syne.' These were the only two tunes known to the musical performer in the Golden Eagle. They were not calculated to make any man see red, and I think the two sailor lads had visions of another country very far from Japan. At any rate, they went quietly away, and returned on several occasions while we stayed at the Golden Eagle, and always the same tunes were played half a dozen times before they were satisfied — which showed that they thoroughly appreciated good music, even when it is played with one finger on an untuned piano. There was also a gramophone in the inn, but I do not remember what it played.

No night while we stayed in Nagasaki was more disturbed than the first one. There were several bedrooms, and occasionally one or two were occupied by Chinese or Japanese guests. These were always as unobtrusive as we were ourselves, and we have the pleasantest memories of our stay. Possibly it is not always thus. There were no transports in the harbor while we were there, and we gathered that our host depended on those passing ships for his trade. A battleship was launched by the third son of the Emperor, and for this ceremony there came several ships of the Japanese Navy. Many sailors were ashore, but none of them came to the Golden Eagle. We had peaceful days and nights, but, as has been said, that might not always be the experience of those patronizing the hotel. Nevertheless, I should be surprised if anything really offensive ever happened in the place where we spent several happy days.

Being now settled and able to take our ease in our inn, we sallied forth to see Nagasaki. First, we decided to

vis
Th
go
see
and
had
go
see
to
Jap
car
rep
wit
too
we
Tra
Na
you
mat
and
ano

It
nes
is a
in J
piec
mon
abo
the
it.
Chin
curr
mak
pass
ful i

On
simp
take
when
was
cilla
ing
Engl
been
book
off
addr
wa—
VOL. S

visit Suwa temple and public garden. This is the show place where all tourists go, and we felt that, though we had seen the temple before, it was worth another visit. Our host apologized for being unable to accompany us, — we had not asked him to, and preferred to go alone anyway, — but said he would see us on the car and give instructions to the conductor. He wrote a slip in Japanese and accompanied us to the car. The conductor took the slip and replied to what our host had to say with the usual bows and smiles. We took our seats, and from that moment we were in charge of the Nagasaki Tramway Company. The system in Nagasaki is on the American plan: you pay five cents for a ticket, no matter what the length of your journey, and get transfer tickets if you change to another route.

It was a great relief to handle Japanese money instead of Chinese. A cent is a cent, the hundredth part of a dollar, in Japan. There are no twenty-cent pieces that 'b'long blass' — no big money and small money to haggle about. Also, in the shops you are told the price, and take the article or leave it. Half our worries would be gone in China if the country had a decent currency. We had three changes to make on this route, and each conductor passed us on to the next with the needful instructions.

On our return journey the conductor simply indicated the tram we were to take, but did not tell the other man where we wanted to go. I felt that it was up to me to demonstrate to Priscilla that the hours I had put in studying Kelly and Walsh's handbook of English and Japanese phrases had not been wasted. I produced the said book and got the appropriate sentence off pat. Summoning up courage, I addressed the conductor. '*Watashi wa—*' He smiled broadly, raised two

deprecating hands, and indicated by vigorous nods that he knew all about it. And he did. And so did the next conductor. From that moment it was plain to us that we could not be lost in Nagasaki. All we need do was to board a tram, at any time or any place, smile at the conductor, and we should be deposited without fail at the door of the Golden Eagle.

The aforesaid handbook is indispensable to anyone traveling in Japan. It has many excellencies, but has also the unavoidable drawback of all such manuals: it enables you to ask almost every necessary question, but leaves you hopelessly bogged when it comes to understanding the answer. You inquire the way to some place that is just round the next corner. The polite Japanese is delighted that you can speak his language so fluently, and, with interrogatory smiles and bows, hurls at you enough information to carry you round the world and back again. However, he points in the right direction, and when you have gone as far as his finger indicated you stop and ask some other equally polite individual. He also gives you a lesson in Japanese, gratis, with the indispensable indication, and by the time you have been a week in Japan you would be brazen enough to address the convocation of Elder Statesmen if you got the opportunity.

We saw the temple, which is like every other Japanese temple, only a little more so, and then we rambled through the garden. It is not a garden, but just the top of the hill with paths and seats and swings for children — all very delightful. The view is very good, but that may be said of the outlook from any elevated spot in or around Nagasaki.

With the evening perambulation through the well-lighted streets we felt our first day in Nagasaki well spent.

SIDE BY SIDE¹

BY ANDRÉ BIRABEAU

THAT day Bruges was not dead. The hands on the church clock were pointing toward a sky of light blue, pure as the face of a child. It was Easter Monday, and a big omnibus carrying a mildly drunk crowd of people with musical instruments under their arms emptied its load into one of the little local barrooms. In an open square, full of wooden chairs and swings, a festival was being celebrated. But why don't the children of Bruges shout aloud as other children do? A yellow street car thundered down a narrow street, while coachmen waved their whips and shouted, 'See the town!' In the slow-moving water of the canal were gliding barques — or, rather, motor boats — full of people dressed in traveling costumes, while a solitary, indifferent swan, unnoticed by photographers, drifted past. Americans with teeth of gold and heads of wood were walking about. Such numbers of modern tourists, with their noses too high in the air and too many guides at their elbows, are out of place in this ancient town. They are turning it into a universal exposition.

In the middle of the Grand' Place as many automobiles were parked as one sees in front of the palace at Fontainebleau on a pleasant Sunday, and from the pastry shops opposite the old church drifted an odor of English tea. Valentin Faverolles was drinking an ice cream soda, while the four people beside him were eating French cakes.

¹ From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), December 4

It could even be said that they were eating in French, because when Frenchmen absorb nourishment they speak as much as they eat. Two of this group were men and the other two ladies.

One of the ladies was pretty. I shall not describe her appearance — that would be imprudent. Pirandello, however, has really invented nothing new; long before his day lovers dissociated the personality of the beloved and created out of something ordinary something astonishing. If you had seen that lady you might not have found her pretty; but after Valentin had looked at her for five minutes he felt impelled to talk to her, to introduce himself, to make her acquaintance and not to leave her.

The automobile in which she and her friends were traveling was parked in the square. It was a very comfortable machine, and looking at it from a distance you could decipher the residence of its owner — '3187 U 2.' 'U' is Paris, as 'M' is Marseille, 'N' Nancy, and 'T' Toulouse. As you went nearer, you found that the State obliged it to bear 'in a very apparent manner a metallic plaque indicating the name and address of its owner.' This lady was driving the car herself, and the machine was probably hers. It was therefore her name and address that Valentin would see if he committed the indiscretion of appealing to the plaque. The lady was too pretty, and since he was not lacking in nerve he leaned over the dashboard and read: 'Catherine Villiers, 51, Avenue Percier.'

What luck! He gazed at it in frozen astonishment. So this was the way he was meeting Catherine Villiers.

She, however, was not afraid. The man did not look like a thief, and perhaps she had stared at him when her mind seemed to be on the cakes she was eating. With a malicious laugh, she said: 'Well, well, Monsieur!'

'Excuse me, Madame, my eyes chanced to fall on your plaque, and your name is not unfamiliar to me — nor mine to you, I believe. We have great friends in common — the Savigneux. I am Valentin de Faverolles.'

'Ah, really, Monsieur! M. and Mme. Savigneux have often spoken of you to me.'

His love died down. He found her less pretty. They talked together for a few more minutes politely, and when they separated both were thinking, 'Too bad!'

He was saying to himself, 'I did not visualize her like that.' And she was thinking, 'I did not imagine he had that kind of head.' She conceived of him with the head of a mathematician, gray eyes, spectacles, and a thin yellow moustache which he bit nervously. He had imagined her as thin and badly dressed. It is true that M. Savigneux had said of him to her, 'Valentin is a charming boy'; but it was M. Savigneux who had said it. Mme. Savigneux had said to him, 'Catherine is a delightful lady'; but it was Mme. Savigneux who had said it. These opinions, therefore, carried no weight.

I must explain that the Savigneux were friends of both Catherine and Valentin up to a certain point. Valentin was only the friend of the husband, and Catherine only the friend of the wife; and the husband and wife did not understand each other very well. That is why Valentin no longer thought Catherine really pretty once he had met her; and it also explains why

Catherine's love died out so quickly. They were two pairs with an obstacle between them. It was like tennis, like mixed doubles.

And Catherine was so pretty; and Valentin had such a pleasing air. Too bad.

M. Savigneux was a little round man, and Mme. Savigneux was tall and slender. Together they looked like a cup and bowl, and you could clearly see the string that tied the bowl to its pivot — the marriage chain. They were a united couple, if that means that they never left each other. Catherine met Mme. Savigneux in a watering place. It was one of those towns where the visitors look as if all the water they drank had been poured over their heads. It rained frequently, and when the rain stopped the deck chairs on the terraces suffered, like their occupants, from articulate rheumatism. Catherine had gone there some time ago with her husband, who was now dead, and Mme. Savigneux had gone with hers. They were both bored with the concerts, and hence they became good friends. This friendship meant a great deal to Mme. Savigneux, for her husband already had a friend of his own.

Valentin was the son of an old friend. When three people are involved, it is always two against one, and thus a state of equilibrium was reestablished. Ever since that time Catherine had spent a week a year with the Savigneux.

Valentin did too, but not at the same time. There was a tacit agreement — such things were rare between them — that Valentin should come in the spring and Catherine in the summer. It must not be imagined that their visits were disagreeable. Mme. Savigneux was an excellent hostess even to Valentin, and M. Savigneux was a perfect gallant even to Catherine. Moreover, they were not a couple who quarreled; they were simply not happy.

They slept in the same bed, and dreamed of a life in which they were not married to one another. When the intimate friend of one of them was visiting, the other would discreetly disappear. During Valentin's week Mme. Savigneux frequently retired to her chamber so as not to embarrass her guest, and when Catherine was there M. Savigneux would stroll out of doors, ostensibly to smoke his cigar.

They lived in a square house in the country. A row of chestnut trees led up to it, and there was an old well by the roadside along which no stranger ever passed. In the stable lived a horse that was too old to wear a saddle. A modest river hid its glistening body under a veil of poplar trees. In the evening you forgot that there were any human beings in the world. How restful it was!

But there is something sad about a husband and wife who do not understand each other. During Valentin's week it was springtime, joy dwelt beneath the trees, and the toughest hedges could not help bursting into bloom. A poor old man walked with a heavy, unhappy pace at Valentin's side and rehearsed his woes. Catherine's week came in summer, and when dinner was over it was still light. Twilight served as a kind of dessert, during which the two women would sit together under a chestnut tree. From time to time a green ball fell at their feet, splitting in two as it hit the ground. The servant came to draw a bucket of water from the well, and on the road a mule cart was passing. The first stars were beginning to shine in the dark blue sky, and only the song of the crickets broke the silence. All that Catherine wanted to do was to stretch her beautiful tired arms, but at her side was an old woman complaining about her frustrated egotism and her sad sacrifices.

The personalities of M. Savigneux and of his friend Valentin were merged in Catherine's mind, and it is not hard to believe that Valentin too identified the deplorable Mme. Savigneux with her great friend Catherine. That is why they left each other so quickly when they met.

But Catherine was a pretty girl, and Valentin had such a pleasant air. They would meet again.

Indeed, it was not long before they did so, for while getting his automobile ready Valentin never stopped looking at Mme. Villiers's machine close beside him. Did he know what he was doing? The chimes in the belfry rang out a light and complicated little air. Girls were laughing in the street, and in a near-by bar a phonograph was playing a comic Flemish song, while Valentin repeated to himself, 'Bruges is a gay town.'

And that was probably not all that he wanted to say.

Valentin had announced his intention of going to Ostend that morning. I do not know how it happened, but by evening he was at Brussels. Undoubtedly he lost his way. When you do not know a country very well you have a tendency to follow the automobile in front of you, and in leaving Bruges there was an automobile in front of Valentin. Whose it was you can imagine for yourself.

What followed was not really his own fault. It's the way things are in Brussels. For in Brussels there is a marvelous square. The King's palace and the Town Hall are on it, as well as the headquarters of the big corporations, decorated with sculpture and covered with gold. This entire square is full of white parasols under which people sell flowers. Why not buy a bunch? In the enthusiasm of the moment Valentin purchased a bouquet. But when a man is carrying flowers in

his hand he feels a little awkward. Surely it was to relieve his embarrassment that Valentin thought of giving these flowers to somebody. But he knew no one in Brussels — no one at all except Mme. Catherine Villiers, whose automobile he had followed from Bruges yesterday. With mechanical curiosity he had looked at the name of the hotel at which she alighted.

Good Lord, there is no law against being polite!

Furthermore, Valentin was very fond of M. Savigneux, who was an old friend of his father's — a fine man and a sensitive one under his cold exterior, a shy man for all his rough manner. Wasn't this a chance for Valentin to be polite to him? Certainly. This Catherine Villiers surely exercised a great influence over Mme. Savigneux. By seeing her a little — even frequently, if he had to — and gaining her confidence he would be able to understand Mme. Savigneux's grievances. He would make her see this woman's faults and correct her. All in all, it was a duty. How charming is the hypocrisy of love!

In Brussels there are a thousand magnificent things to see — museums, monuments. 'To-morrow, Madame, we will visit the Palais de Justice. The day after —' There are fine streets, not too full of traffic, where one can take a pleasant stroll. How beautiful it is — like Paris before the war. And then there are those green parks where you rest and for an hour forget your fatigue. Then, too, there are restaurants where you can eat well, and this is not a negligible item, even to people in love!

You will therefore not be surprised that in a short time Catherine was talking about herself to Valentin.

'Ah, my friend' (she had already got to the stage of calling Valentin 'my friend') — 'ah, my friend, my marriage —' (She was a widow and he a bachelor.) 'My marriage! It was unpleasant

from the first day. On the eve of our honeymoon an old gentleman died in my house. The two ceremonies, his funeral and my wedding, took place at the same time. There was a dispute on the sidewalk between the man in charge of my wedding and the undertaker's employees. I was having a canopy of red and white erected at the door, and for the funeral there were black trappings! Finally they laid aside the black carpet and unrolled my red one as far as the curbstone. In the doorway was a mixture of bridal flowers and funeral wreaths bearing the inscription, "To our dear grandfather." Our guests came to congratulate us with a mournful countenance that they had caught in the vestibule, and a group of people swathed in crape came into our reception room by mistake. We were living on the first floor, and the dead man on the second. Our door was open, and there were flowers on our landing, but to get to our carriages, which were decorated with orange blossoms, we first had to walk by the bier, crossing ourselves as we passed. This made my blood run cold, and I have never been able to warm it since.

'My husband was a very distinguished man. He rarely laughed, and he wore a monocle. People who wear monocles look as if their faces were paralyzed on one side. His clothes were impeccably neat. I was always dreaming of what he would look like with baggy knees, a rumpled elbow, a torn pocket — anything personal or familiar. But no, his clothes would have looked like an old man's no matter who wore them. There was only one thing about him that appealed to me — his feet. They looked like two horses pulling in different directions. But those feet surely loved each other; they embraced when he walked, and seemed to exercise an extraordinary mutual attraction.

They made up for the irritation that his monocle always aroused in me.

'We spent our honeymoon in Alsace, and on our return stopped at Toul, where he had taken his military training just the year before. He said to me cheerfully: "Ah, my dear, how bored I was at Toul! It was a gloomy town." Then he kissed me because I consented to visit it with him. He showed me the barracks, the parade ground, the rifle range, the routes on which he had marched, and the two or three horrible drinking establishments where he had distracted himself in his leisure hours. "At five o'clock," he said to me, "soup is served. I shall surely meet some of my buddies."

We met his friends, all right. Last year they had worn the blue private's uniform, and now they had enlisted for another term. He bought them drinks in a café so full of tobacco smoke that it looked as if your head would hit the ceiling. His monocle dropped out, but he never thought of putting it in place again. He had completely forgotten me in the presence of those enormous bocks that people in that part of the world call *un sérieux*. For my part, I forgot that it was my husband sitting beside me. Where was the distinguished man whom I had married? At first the company was a little restrained on my account, but it was not long before they were talking about old times and saying in a whisper, "If you'll permit me — " Within an hour everyone was slightly drunk, and my husband, swearing like a teamster, did not tell the least outrageous of the stories.

'You can imagine, my friend, how I regretted that hour, though immediately afterward he put his monocle back in its place. Perhaps he was not a bad man. I even believe that at bottom he was animated by good feelings; but he did not express them very often. He

was like one of those people who have a fine piece of property on the Côte d'Azure that they never visit.'

All this simply meant, 'I was not happy, and I should like to be.' As for the Savigneux, they forgot them and rarely mentioned their names. I might even say they intentionally avoided the subject. This friendship was the only fault that they found in each other. It irritated and astonished them. Catherine reflected: 'How can such a clear-sighted, level-headed person as he sympathize with such a man?' And Valentin mused: 'How can such a fine, sensible person as she be the friend of that woman?'

The matter got on their nerves. It was the same feeling you have when you look at a fat mother beside her beautiful daughter and say: 'How can such a mother have brought forth such a daughter!' By this you mean, 'Will the daughter turn into something like that when she grows older?' One's friends are like oneself. Would the friend of M. Savigneux later grow like him, and the friend of Mme. Savigneux —

Suppose they were married? It was a supposition that both of them considered quite often in the secret corners of their hearts. Would they have to separate in spring and summer to visit their two friends? No, they could not include this apple of discord in their matrimonial dot.

'Believe me, Catherine, Savigneux is the best of men.'

'But she is a charming woman.'

'How can you support her?'

'I should like to know what it is that pleases you about him.'

Soon after they quarreled. One day however, Valentin showed Catherine a letter that he had just received, saying 'Look at the life your friend leads this poor Savigneux!'

She read: —

MY DEAR VALENTIN!

The apple trees in the field and the hawthorns by the roadside remind me that the flowers of April are here and that it is time for your visit. Your old friend is so anxious to see you. Our town is devoid of gayety. You will find no change at all. We have a new cook. She is called Ermeline — the same name as my wife's. We asked her to change her first name, because it is very disagreeable to have your cook come into the room when you call your wife, and vice versa. But she refused, so my wife has changed hers. She has chosen Marie. It seemed funny to me at first — I felt as if I had changed my wife; but it is really very much the same.

In fact, it is always the same. She asked at table the other day: 'Are you going to take your waters this year?' I shall go, since it is a distraction for her. You see, she dreams about it for months in advance. This year again I shall gulp down glasses of water that weigh on my stomach all day, on the pretext that I am curing myself of rheumatism, from which I do not suffer. But Madame must be amused and sit rocking in a chair, listening to music.

But I do not pity myself. I am used to it. You know, my dear Valentin, how I should love to travel, to see the world! I dream of Japan and of the fords—but look what happened! I married too young in life a little French girl who gets seasick and cannot look beyond the fields surrounding the house where she was born. I can recall the astonished expression that came over her face when I mentioned, very discreetly, without speaking of wanting to take her there, the city of Cairo. I have not insisted on anything. I have bent my back to its burden. The great joy of my existence, it seems, is to cultivate a garden and provide my wife with flowers that do not smell — flowers that smell give her hay cold.

I am expecting you, my dear Valentin. You will eat carrots as usual. I do not order them myself, because they do not agree with me, but that does not prevent Mme. Savigneux from serving them. You will make the acquaintance of someone named Flombard. He is an exceedingly ugly mongrel dog that I have picked up. It is not for my pleasure, but for Ermeline's tranquillity, — or rather Marie's, — who is scared at night. In order not to grudge this unfortunate animal the soup we feed it, I said that I wanted to hunt, which obliges me this autumn to kill a number of innocent animals and to tire myself out in doing so. My poor dear wife's character is such that if I had said frankly that I got the dog to quiet her nocturnal fears she would have sworn that it was useless and that she was scared of nothing.

Catherine stopped.

'But you have not finished the letter,' said Valentin.

'That is enough,' she replied, taking from her portfolio a new letter, which she handed to Valentin.

MY DEAR LITTLE CATHERINE!

I see that you are enjoying a delightful journey. Your cards give me the greatest pleasure. I looked at them with my eyes popping out of my head. How I envy you! Just think of it — ever since I was born, whenever I open the window it is the same line of poplars greeting my eyes. And it is such a changeless countryside. The same peasants on the road — they grow old, that's the only change. But I do too. I shall die without having seen anything else, for I do not consider the three weeks we spend each year at the waters as a matter of great importance.

I shall not cut them out of our schedule this year, my poor friend. I raised the question with my husband at

table, and he replied to me, 'Certainly.' At bottom I suspect him of imagining himself to be much more sick than he really is, but if he thinks that it does him good I cannot refuse to bore myself to death three weeks for his sake.

He has lately acquired a dog. I expected it, for he has said to me several times: 'You are afraid at night — admit it. You know that I sleep like a log, and that if a robber came I should not hear him. You are afraid of the dark.'

I ended by agreeing with him, because I saw that he had a reason for making me say this. He wants a hunting dog. If I had protested against the intrusion of this disgusting creature alive with fleas, he would have said to me: 'But it is not for me; it is for you, who are afraid during the night.' The truth is that this animal scratches himself so that he wakes me up, and I, who always slept well, am now disturbed.

The letter went on further, but Valentin handed it back to Catherine.

'She probably dislikes carrots too,' he said.

They held each other's hands, and were greatly relieved that they both had reason to be fond of M. and Mme. Savigneux.

'Catherine, I believe we have an indispensable duty to perform. April is here, it is my turn — but what if we both went?'

They arrived without any warning. M. Savigneux was working gloomily in his garden. Mme. Savigneux was sadly gathering flowers that she would have undoubtedly preferred if they had had a smell to them. Cries of joy arose from the house.

'Hello! Hello! Together!'

And they explained.

'We met by chance at Bruges, and since then — since then —'

They did not have to say any more — the way they smiled was enough.

M. and Mme. Savigneux understood perfectly, and both felt sad. Their respective allies had made alliance. It was like treason. Yet how happy they were!

'It is the journey of an engaged couple, my old friend, and our first visit is to you.'

'But, contrary to custom, it is we who have —'

'Brought an engagement present — ' 'A gift for each.'

And how happy they were presenting them! It was a little thing, to be sure: just a package of papers — letters, one would say.

'Now promise that you will open the package this evening, in your room together.'

That evening, in the silence of the old house, they heard cries of surprise, and after that the sound of kisses.

People in love are in a hurry. Catherine and Valentin were married the first month of summer, and Catherine said: 'It is my turn at the Savigneux, but how about going together?'

The veil of poplars still hid the beautiful body of the river. After dinner, twilight was falling as usual, and the chestnuts were shining bright green on the ground. The sky grew dark, and the crickets and stars appeared. The two women were seated under the trees. Nothing had changed except that M. Savigneux and Valentin were smoking their cigars on the road as if it were April.

Mme. Savigneux murmured in a low voice, slightly ashamed of herself: 'No, Catherine, we are not happy — even less so than before.'

This is the explanation M. Savigneux gave to Valentin as they walked: —

'We were very tender at first, and stupefied that we had misunderstood each other so completely. We confessed ourselves in full. We saw our-

selves
life lo
taken
with i
Un
said:
ashan
evil o
believ
other
M.
wante
lost, t
ing to
time-
guides
it is
You s
done,
they h
are d
been
really
lay o
they
wante

[THE
Muse

'ONCE
return
for dr
oarsme
serpen

¹ From
(Vienna)

selves clearly, you may be sure: all our life long we had been sacrificing mistakenly, and reproaching each other with imaginary injuries!'

Under the trees Mme. Savigneux said:—

‘... and then we were a little ashamed of having thought so much evil of each other unreasonably, and I believe that each began to bear the other a grudge in consequence.’

M. Savigneux continued: ‘We wanted to recapture the time we had lost, to say that we dreamed of traveling together, both of us. We opened up time-tables and consulted the travel guides. But, my friend, you know how it is with people far away from you. You say such and such a thing must be done, and then you suddenly learn that they have been dead a long time. There are dreams, too, that you think have been kept alive long after they have really expired. Alas, when we try to lay our hands on them we discover they too are dead. We no longer wanted to go away; and besides, I

don’t know — it would have been hard for me not to keep on working in my garden.’

Under the trees Mme. Savigneux said: ‘He has begun raising flowers that smell. They give me a headache.’

M. Savigneux, as he was walking, remarked: ‘When a household is old it rests on habits alone. All ours were fundamental. Now that we know each other well, we are further away from each other than ever before.’

And under the trees: ‘We are without mystery each for the other. It is a poor thing, and we are too old to begin again.’

And on the road: ‘Our misunderstanding was the only thing that united us.’

The air was moist and the weather mild, but Catherine rose, shivering. She came over to Valentin and pressed herself closely to him as if to escape from an agony that was about to lay hold on her:—

‘My dear, love me! Love me well! Love me!’

THE BIG CONSTRICATORS¹

BY DOCTOR OTTO WETTSTEIN

[THE author is Custodian of the Vienna Museum of Natural History.]

ONCE during November, while I was returning in a big rowboat from a trip for drinking water for the post, my oarsman called my attention to a huge serpent lying on the bank. All I could

see at first was a low mound covered with mud and moist leaves. It was not until my boatman hit the thing with his oar that I could distinguish the creature’s mottled skin. The blow, which would have broken a man’s ribs, seemed to make no impression on it. It was not until I fired a charge of small shot at the animal that it lifted its head out of the midst of its coil for a moment; but it

¹ From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt, Wochen-Ausgabe* (Vienna Conservative daily), May 29

immediately resumed its former position. We were close to the shore — not more than six or seven feet away. I now shot a second time. Instantly the animal uncoiled, with a speed one would never conceive possible in so torpid a creature, scattering slime and water all over us, and, lifting its head fully twelve feet in the air, lunged at us with open jaws. It was all so sudden that I fell over backward into the boat, while my oarsman, a Goliath of a Negro, attacked the furious serpent with an oar, around which it coiled like a flash, biting deeply into the hard wood. Recovering from my fright, I reloaded my gun and fired at close range into the anaconda's head, killing it on the spot. It took our united strength to drag it into the boat. It measured thirty feet, ten inches in length, and was as large around in the centre as an average man's body.'

Thus Kappler describes an adventure with an anaconda in Brazil. The specimen he mentions was the largest of this species of great serpents of which we have precise measurements. To be sure, Quelch asserts that he saw an anaconda in British Guiana that was thirty-six feet, eight inches long, and that he saw the head of another sticking out of the water which was probably at least equally large. Perhaps it is safe to assume, therefore, that these serpents when full grown are ordinarily about ten metres, or thirty-three English feet, long. Two species of Asiatic constrictors attain the same length and a circumference of about two feet. These are the dark and the reticulate python. Full-grown specimens of these huge snakes weigh well over five hundred pounds, and can exert enormous crushing strength. But examples of this size are naturally rare.

The female of this species lays about one hundred eggs the size of goose eggs, in a heap, around which she coils her-

self during the brooding period. These eggs hatch in about eighty days, and the young snakes are normally a yard long at their birth. No serpents of this species are poisonous. Their long, curved, pointed teeth are not designed to tear or to masticate their food, but simply to seize and hold their prey. The strength of their jaws is such, however, that when they have once fastened on an object they cannot be forced to release it without breaking their jawbones.

Spix, one of our collectors, once chased a 'dog's head' serpent — a fairly large species of constrictor, which seldom exceeds, however, ten or twelve feet in length. It is characterized by a glorious green color, speckled with white. This snake started to swim across the Rio Negro, but was stunned by a blow on the head and dragged into the boat. The collector grasped it, but he had scarcely laid hands on it when it wound around his arm so tightly that he was unable to move it. Luckily, he had taken hold of it close to the head, and managed to thrust a piece of wood into the snake's open jaws, which it bit into violently. Until this was done, none of the Indians accompanying him ventured near, for fear that the animal would leave the white man and attack them. Then they helped Spix free himself from the serpent's coils. It was killed, and preserved in spirits. After it reached Europe and had been taken out of the cask, the piece of wood was still in its mouth, and an investigation showed that the teeth had bitten clear through it.

Since the giant constrictors can neither poison nor mutilate their prey, their only means of attack is to crush or strangle their victims. They ordinarily live upon small mammals and birds, such as rats, rabbits, and other rodents, hens, and pigeons. Larger specimens, however, will attack antelopes, deer,

These and yard of this long, gned, but prey. how- fas- t be kinkg once fairly sel- with twelve ed by with swim unnned into it, but when y that ly, he head, wood it bit done, g him animal attack free. It was After taken d was gation clear can r prey, rush or inarily birds, dents, imens, deer,

stags, wild boars, and even certain predatory animals like wolves. They usually hunt at night, but when hungry will seize their prey in broad daylight. Ordinarily they give the impression of being torpid and slothful, and when observed are usually asleep basking in the sun. Some choose rocks, others a bed of rank herbage, where they coil themselves into a so-called 'plate,' with the head in the centre.

Many serpents of this class are tree dwellers, and wind themselves around limbs projecting over a stream or lagoon, allowing the forward part of the body to hang down for some distance. When an unsuspecting animal draws near, the suspended snake, motionless as a dead and broken limb, suddenly becomes tense with preparation. Its tiny eyes open and glare viciously, and its tongue darts greedily, as it watches the approaching animal like a cat. Silently and slowly the coils on the limb relax and the long slender body glides lower and lower. Then there is a quick lunge and the animal projects itself with its whole strength, and with wide-open jaws, upon its unsuspecting victim. The moment the long teeth fasten into its prey, the coils whip around it like a flash, and it is helpless. Slowly the coils contract tighter and tighter and the animal is crushed to a jelly, after which it is gradually released and swallowed whole, beginning with the head. So lightninglike is the attack, lasting only a fraction of a second, that the best observers are not able to describe its details. It is impossible to unwind one of these serpents from its prey; the coils are so tight that the thin edge of a knife will not enter between them. We have tried this with several menagerie specimens, and have never succeeded.

Constrictors differ greatly in their feeding habits. As a rule they have good appetites, though they can fast for

months without perceptible ill effects. In captivity some will refuse all food, and eventually die of hunger, while others eat readily. A reticulate python which Hagenbeck once owned swallowed a dwarf pig weighing between sixty and seventy pounds in an hour and three quarters. Another swallowed two young nilgai antelopes, each weighing about twenty-five pounds, in the course of a night. A large python about twenty-five feet long swallowed a goat weighing thirty-five pounds, and a few hours later another weighing fifty pounds. Eight days later it was given a still larger Siberian goat, weighing nearly ninety pounds, which it likewise promptly swallowed.

The anaconda, which is a true water-snake and lives on the banks of South American rivers, often attacks crocodiles, which fall victim to it notwithstanding their tenacity of life and their armorlike hides. A fight between these reptiles resembles the mighty struggles of prehistoric animals. Quelch saw one such contest that lasted for two whole days. The crocodile struggled desperately with its jaws, legs, and tail in a vain effort to liberate itself. Then it would lie for a long time as if dead, either exhausted or waiting for the snake to relax its coils for a moment. It alternated these tactics, but without result, growing weaker and weaker until the end.

Our traveling menageries used to imagine that it was necessary to keep their giant constrictors covered up in warm woolen blankets. On several occasions the hungry snakes swallowed their own bedding. One king snake three metres long thus disposed of a woolen covering more than six feet long and nearly five feet wide. After the indigestible mass had been in its stomach for a month, it was at length disgorged by the joint efforts of the serpent and

an attendant, a compact roll six feet long and several inches in diameter.

The constrictors take considerable time to swallow their prey, and, though they are capable of disposing in this way of animals of considerable size, there is naturally a limit to the capacity of even the largest. Stories of serpents swallowing horses, cattle, and large deer are simple nonsense. No authentic instance is recorded of an adult man having been swallowed by a serpent, although this may have occurred in case of children. One reason for this, however, may be that the larger constrictors confine themselves to a limited diet, and refuse to eat animals to which they are not accustomed.

Occasional instances are related, however, where such snakes have attacked men. Schweinfurth, the well-known African explorer, was once following up a boschbok, a small species of gazelle, at which he had shot, through a rank growth of grass, when he heard the animal give a short plaintive cry and saw it disappear as if it had fallen into a hole. After hunting for it in the tangle, Schweinfurth almost stumbled over it. The frantic animal was thrashing furiously with its forefeet, but was held back by something which the explorer could not at first identify. This proved to be the thick body of a species of rock python, which the Africans call *assala*, which was coiled three times around the bok. Schweinfurth recoiled a few steps and then fired at the serpent. The animal rose straight in the air for a moment, then sank back again and lunged forward directly at him with incredible celerity. But only the front part of the snake was free; the rest dragged helplessly on the ground, for the shot had crippled it. The explorer continued to fire until the animal was dead. He adds that it was like shooting at a shadow in the night, so rapid were the snake's motions.

In Guiana, in South America, an Indian was hunting, accompanied by his wife. He was seized by a large anaconda while on the bank of a river. As he had left his gun in his canoe, he called to his wife to bring him a knife. The woman had scarcely reached him when the serpent coiled around her also. But in doing so it freed the man's arm, so that he was able to wound the snake with the knife, whereupon it released them and made off.

One of the attendants in the London Zoölogical Gardens had a rather unpleasant experience with a similar serpent. He was holding out a chicken to a python in his charge. The latter struck for it, but missed it and seized the man's fingers instead. In a moment it had wound around the man's arm and neck. There immediately began a life-and-death struggle, which was luckily terminated by two other attendants rushing up and with great difficulty liberating their comrade.

One of the attractions of many traveling menageries and variety shows has always been snake dancers who dance with constrictors wound around their neck, arms, and body. Naturally only smaller and younger serpents are used for such exhibitions, and they are usually weak and powerless from long captivity and underfeeding. Some of the smaller snakes of this sort, like the king python and many of the boas, have an ostrichlike habit when frightened of rolling up into a ball with their head in the centre and remaining perfectly passive, no matter what is done to them. Ordinarily they are harmless, but you cannot trust them, for they are more capricious and irritable than other snakes. I knew a young girl who used to appear on the stage as an Indian goddess with a brilliant boa coiled around her waist. One night, however, the supposedly harmless serpent crushed her before help could come.

ON
pari
on a
betw
snow
amo
desc
soun
color
repre
of th
then
sacre
descr
often
he ha
foot a
with
with
dimm
he pi
Savio
weigh
spran
mark
India
For c
burde
under
laugh
The
of sob
priest
tears.
turnin
Indian
vicuña
door?
1 From
trated t

ANCESTRAL SIN¹

BY VENTURO GARCIA CALDERON

ON Monday of Holy Week the new parish priest in a village perched high on a shoulder of the Andes, midway between the plains and the eternal snow, observed an unusual agitation among his flock. He had just finished describing Christ's Passion, with a resounding thwack upon the fine old colonial pulpit, which was carved to represent a demon writhing at the feet of the Virgin. Speaking first in Spanish, then in Quechua, he had related the sacred story with that gift for vivid description that missionary priests so often possess. You might have thought he had been personally present at the foot of the Cross, that he had counted with his own lips its bloody nails, as with solemn voice, and with teardimmed eyes directed to the high altar, he pictured every step of the tortured Saviour; how He fell under the great weight of the Cross; how the blood sprang forth from the purple lashmarks on His bare shoulders. The Indians understood him only too well. For centuries they had borne crushing burdens, over dizzy mountain trails, under the lash of mounted soldiers who laughed jeeringly at their toil.

The congregation broke into a chorus of sobs, so loud and violent that the priest felt almost bathed in a vapor of tears. But why did everyone keep turning toward a little group of 'rich' Indians kneeling humbly on their vicuña ponchos just outside the church door? They looked like people who

might have stepped right out of the Bible. The man was an Indian with a scanty beard, jet-black eyes, and the features of a Roman soldier such as we see on ancient monuments. Beside him was kneeling an old Indian woman clad in native garb, her black tresses standing out in bright relief against the brilliant coloring of her saffron shawl. Close behind her knelt a perfect example of an Italian Madonna — a young Indian girl gilded by the rays of the declining sun, so modest, so humble, so immersed in devotion, that you might have imagined her a saint listening to angels' voices, and yet with eyes so sad that even the Annunciation could hardly have made them brighter. Nevertheless she too was regarded with obvious reprobation by the other worshipers.

Merely noting this fact, the good priest concluded his sermon by toning down the more vivid passages of his story in order not to make the Indians weep. But he told them to come back to church on the morrow, and on every succeeding day of Holy Week.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the same scene was repeated. The worshipers listened with passionate attention to the account of the Crucifixion, to an enumeration of every stroke of the lash upon the divine flesh, of every incident of the journey of the Cross. It was intensely vivid and real to them, and no more brutal than their everyday experiences. They heard the story of the charity of the poor, which has not changed, and of the scorning of

¹ From *Caras y Caretas* (Buenos Aires illustrated topical weekly), November 27

righteousness and the defeat of idealism, all of which seemed very modern. And as they listened they wept with a sort of lyrical weeping,—for those Indians are wonderful flute players,—lifting their wailing voices as they were wont to do when singing on the mountain trails at night. At last they had a true *taita*, a priest more eloquent than any of his predecessors. The church was crowded. Never before had there been so many mothers with nursing babies or fat fowls in their arms, or bringing barbarous jewels to hang on the velvet robe of the Virgin Mary. The latter was a faded triangular Virgin dating from Spanish times, who had become a millionaire during three centuries of Indian despair.

On Maundy Thursday many of the worshipers could not get into the church. They had come on foot and with their llamas over distant mountain trails, past Pascana Cemetery, where an iron Christ hung crucified above the Andean snows, wearing around his loins a skirtlike garment blown by the wind, so that he looked like a storm-bewildered wanderer in the icy waste.

Those who could not find room in the church gathered outside the door. Among these were many poor women, prematurely aged,—an Indian woman is a grandmother at thirty,—with little ones gathered around them. Even a recalcitrant witch had come into the mountains, bringing on the back of the llama a little blackened idol famed throughout the district, which she immediately burned over a fire of llama dung. Attracted by the noise, the priest came out of the church, and was called upon to bless this victory over the infernal powers.

The sermon that followed was the greatest emotional success in the priest's experience. He related a

miracle described at length in a book written by my compatriot, Fray Juan de Allosa. It is the story of a llama that began to talk one day, as the ass did in the Bible, and chided his owner for his sins. Moved by the eloquence of the animal, the latter abjured his errors and became a holy man. The Indians were prodigiously interested by this story, and learned with astonishment that their llamas, if sufficiently gifted, might speak Spanish as well as the priest, the local magistrate, or the Governor.

It was just then, when interest and emotion were at a climax, that a brave old Indian turned around, and, pointing accusingly with his finger at the rich Indian family, seemed to identify them with the great and tragic history just related.

While the priest stared in bewildered noncomprehension, the three persons indicated burst into loud sobs of contrition, still kneeling on their ponchos. What was passing through their minds? Convinced that something important must lie behind the incident, the priest descended from the pulpit and approached the group. The witch who had piously burned her black idol—a pot-bellied god with big ears—humbly kissed the pavement when he passed.

This made it necessary to explain the whole matter. Some of the bolder members of the congregation hastened up to the contrite family and breathlessly pleaded with them to make a public confession. They must surely appease Heaven before the end of Holy Week.

So the old man with the head of a Roman soldier, and the slender Indian girl with the Madonna face, were led forward. It was a long and agonizing story, but they confessed all in the Quechua tongue. Their own ancestors had committed the infamous deed for which they wept and did penance

to the present day. Yes, their forefathers had killed Christ, right up there where the cemetery now is. They had flogged Him in the cabin there. As He was dragged along the white winter trail His bleeding feet stained the snow with red.

Last of all, they had crucified Him on the altar of the very idol which had been burned to-day, the idol blackened with Christian blood. Yea, their own great-grandsire had thrust a hardwood lance into the suffering victim's side. Indian boys in ponchos had used Him as a mark for their slings, just as boys to-day use a young condor, or a bat upon the wall. From that time God's anger had rested upon them, and had multiplied their troubles. Their dried potatoes had decayed, their porridge had lost its savor,

and even the coca leaves were no longer as invigorating as of yore.

The priest stood speechless, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. These poor people, then, had not understood one word of the whole story. They believed their own ancestors were guilty of crucifying Christ — doubtless some legend of an early martyred friar. So at length, followed by his jubilant congregation, the Father walked out into the square in front of the church, and there, before the kneeling llamas, he made the sign of the cross over the valley. He blessed the mountains, he blessed the animals, he blessed the descendants of Christ's crucifiers, he blessed the whole simple, credulous village which had accused itself for generations of a crime it had never committed.

UNFINISHED SONG OF THE SIRENS

BY 'IGNOTUS'

[*Saturday Review*]

OR only a harp breaking, only a broken harp,
But the world is shaking with a sudden, sharp
Sound of dreams rending, as though life were
In the moment of ending lovelier
Than youth, than bridal, than the kiss of the lover;
And death, like a tidal wave, sweeps over,
With release for the sailor in her long, green kisses,
And the world grows paler than the girl, Ulysses,
Than the girl on the coast of youth's memory,
The pitiful ghost of Penelope.
Death's voice is the same as her voice was (O Captain!)
That night when it came as a star you were rapt in,
When it rose, and you heard then, in a world stricken dumb,
Love whisper the word then we are whispering: 'Come . . .'

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Homesick England

In a recent article in the *London Mercury* the following stanza was quoted:—

For, in unwanted purlieus, far and nigh,
At whiles or short or long,
May be discerned a wrong
Dying as of self-slaughter; whereat I
Would raise my voice in song.

The reader might be forgiven for supposing that these lines were selected for their singular infelicity; but such was not the case. The reader might also, were he not familiar with the work and reputation of Thomas Hardy, be forgiven for hoping that the author of these lines might turn his talents to something, to anything, rather than to literature; but such is not the moral of the *Mercury* article. No. These lines were picked out, among many others in a similar vein, as proof positive of Hardy's genius.

The veneration in which Thomas Hardy is held in England to-day is not so much a commentary on the present state of literary criticism as it is a reflection of the British spirit. The nation is suffering from a severe attack of nostalgia for its long-lost countryside, and Hardy is the literary yokel whose homely wisdom, rustic rimes, and hayseed characters awaken in many Englishmen dim remembrances of the times when their ancestors lived off the soil. Readers of Dean Inge's warped but highly significant study of modern England will recall the disproportionate amount of space occupied by the opening chapter, 'The Land and Its Inhabitants,' where the author dwelt on the rustic British background and the changes wrought by the In-

dustrial Revolution so insistently that an inhabitant of Mars or Texas might well have imagined that France and Germany had been enjoying the doubtful pleasures of our mechanical age since the time of Charlemagne, and that only England had had to make a hasty adjustment to new and bewildering conditions.

This feeling for the countryside is to be found in many other places than the Complete Works of Thomas Hardy. The Georgian 'Nature Poets,' Eden Phillpotts, even the weekly and daily press, constantly reflect it. In a recent issue of the *Saturday Review* Mr. P. S. Richards contributes a middle article on 'This Other Eden,' where the 'Back to Nature' cry is sounded at its loudest. 'Two recent events,' says Mr. Richards, — 'the Imperial Conference on the one hand, and the lame and impotent conclusions of the coal strike on the other, — have in very different ways called attention to the existence of England as a national, that is a spiritual, whole.' He then goes on to explain what England means to different people. To Mr. Cook it is 'a recalcitrant but promising suburb of Leningrad'; others, luckily, take a more wholesome view.

Perhaps the most wholesome view of all is Mr. Richards's own, which is fairly well summed up in this eloquent sentence: 'In the actual soil that has bred her Shakespeare and her millions of mere uncounted folk we should find the roots of her greatness: not in the foul blotches of towns that industrialism has spread over her lovely face, but in the unspoiled countryside that is the garment woven by God and man to be the transparent veil of her spirit.' A

strange lesson indeed to learn from six months of industrial strife and six weeks of Imperial bickerings.

Not only does England's dependence on coal and her genius at government prove to Mr. Richards that she is a nation of farmers; the very appurtenances of a mechanical age are made to serve his ends. 'That same progress of mechanical science,' he says, can transport one from London to places where it is possible 'to forget the existence of any England later than Shakespeare's.' If this is the spirit in which Stanley Baldwin goes about his work, God alone will be able to save the King; and if this is the spirit in which the young writers are going to interpret, or rather evade, the life around them, a crop of Hardy perennials may well be looked for.

Fortunately, however, there is another point of view. In the world of affairs men like Sir Alfred Mond are developing large industries on a more humane and realistic basis than their predecessors of a hundred years ago. In literature, too, there are writers who occasionally find it worth their while to acknowledge the existence of an England later than Shakespeare's. As usual, the men of affairs are far ahead of the men of letters, but both, in their endeavors to make their native land fit for human habitation, will have to struggle against a tradition so romantically absurd that it may never die.

Etiquette and the Hunt

THE agonizing coal strike safely over, England's aristocracy at last has something really important on its mind, for the hunting season has brought up a number of nice points in perfect behavior at the chase. Almost everyone deplored, some in prose and some in rhyme, the slaughter of a deer at Minehead who had taken to the water only

to be run ashore by a motor boat and set upon by the hounds when it reached land. That such things occur in an apparently civilized country distressed a great many people much more than the conditions in the Glasgow slums. The hue and cry has also been raised against the practice of digging out foxes when they have eluded their pursuers by running down some unexpected hole. This is the way the Royal S. P. C. A. feels about it: 'When a hunted fox goes to ground or takes refuge in a tree or building, and after considerable delay is practically given to the hounds, he undergoes a very terrifying and distressing experience.' To this the hunters reply that the fox often seeks refuge in a place where he would die slowly of starvation or perhaps be drowned if the humane hunters did not dig him out and help him to shuffle off this earthly coil as expeditiously as possible. The famous saying of Old Tim Firr is frequently quoted: 'Sure to die if we leave him, poor thing.'

The ethics of 'digging' have long been a moot point among British huntsmen, and there is even on record a duel between two Surrey sports, one of whom was incensed by something the other had written about his digging. Evidently they were more expert with the pen and the spade than with the gun, for an exchange of shots resulted in no hurt to either party.

To judge from several accounts of fox-hunting that have appeared in the *Morning Post*, the animal frequently gets the best of it. Sometimes his scent proves elusive. On other occasions he runs into country where shooting is forbidden. More often he is hard to discover in the first place. Here is a typical day's sport at Pytchley:—

Scents was poor yesterday when the Pytchley hunted from Crick. Finding at the covert hounds ran across to the Crick-Yelvertoft road, then left-handed round

Shenley Farm to the starting point, and away again over much the same line to Yelvertoft village, where scent fizzled out. From Lilbourne, covert hounds hunted slowly by Cathorpe and Swinford Old Covert to Stamford Park, then back right-handed over the river by Stamford Mere and on as if for Yelvertoft Fieldside. Leaving this on the left, they lost their fox near Yelvertoft village.

The titled Diana seems to have rather better luck, to judge from this stirring chronicle of Brocklesby:—

Lady Worsley was in command of the Brocklesby when they resumed hunting at Stainton Crossroads yesterday, having been stopped for a fortnight owing to the death of the Countess of Yarborough. With their first fox from Stainton Top, hounds ran slowly for twenty minutes. Scent then improved, and, finding again at Smithfield, they traveled at a great pace over a good line of country to Thoresway. They came to their first check on reaching Swinhope Park, the time to this point being fifty minutes. Although hounds recovered the line and continued more slowly for another twenty-five minutes, they were beaten at Gunnerby. To finish an excellent day there was another topping fifty minutes from Croxby Pond. Leaving Thorganby on the left, the pack pushed on to Swinhope, and finally reached the Hatcliffe Valley, where a dead-beaten fox went to ground.

Moscow Drama

WHATEVER its effects may have been in other fields, the Russian Revolution was a huge success as far as the theatre was concerned. Meyerhold, once an accomplice of Stanislavskii, is now fully his equal, and a roaring Red into the bargain — hence his work commends itself to the authorities. The Moscow Art Theatre, on the other hand, has been getting into hot water lately on account of a play called *The Family Turbin*, taken from a well-known novel, and dramatized by none other than Comrade Bulgakov. Deni-

kin is one of the chief characters, and when he appears in the white uniform of a Cossack the whole house hisses and recoils as if it were Simon Legree himself. The first performance of this play was almost a riot, for a group of earnest young Communists found it far too White for their liking. The management irrelevantly replied that all non-Reds were not rotters, but the local press refused to be bulldozed. Comrade Lunacharskii and his censorship committee, of which Stanislavskii himself is a member, went into conference, and while they are trying to decide what to do the show goes on playing to crowded houses.

The political as well as the dramatic event of the season is Meyerhold's production of Comrade Tretakov's little gem entitled *Roar, China!* The action is based very loosely indeed on the Cockchafer incident on the Yangtze River, whose waters flow across the middle of the stage. In the rear is a spacious gunboat on which English and American sailors can be described, characteristically enough, making love to a saxophone accompaniment. Nice hard-working coolies then appear in front and throw bales and packages all over the place, until finally an ill-natured American so exasperates them that a coolie oarsman tips his little boat over and the Yankee drowns. The culprit is spirited away and the police appear. At this point the Cockchafer sticks out its guns and English and Americans rush on board, while the coolies on shore hold a sorrowful consultation. It is announced that the town will be bombarded unless the guilty man is surrendered. A mandarin pleads in vain for mercy, and the Chinese cabin boy, torn between two loyalties, hangs himself. The coolies then draw lots to decide who the victim shall be, and not only is the chosen one executed, but his father too is

throw
ends
cooling
the l

The
of re
affor
body
D. E

there
Rev
isk,
been
skele

Sovie
deem
of th
fashi

Mosk

Feoda

inated
reassu

feel th
peten
of the

matte

WITH
Broad
erme
radio
Julian
subject
put on
his inc
snow-w
holme
the N
If, say
Arthur
a littl
what
birth
the sam
British

Yet

the pre

thrown in for good measure. The play ends with shouted messages, while the coolies rush off the stage proclaiming the liberation of China.

This is by no means the only source of revolutionary refreshment Moscow affords. An evening's fun awaits anybody lucky enough to secure seats to *D. E. (Death of Europe)*. And then there is always the Theatre of the Revolution, where *The End of Krivorilsk, or The Dawn of Better Times* has been playing. This is melodrama in a skeletal setting showing how the Soviet spirit descends upon and redeems a little southern town. In spite of these new developments, the old-fashioned theatre is not quite forgotten. Moskvin can still be seen in *Tsar Feodor*, playing the same rôle he originated twenty-eight years ago. It is reassuring to hear that these old-timers feel that their work is at last in competent young hands, and that the glory of the Russian stage will continue, no matter how strange its disguise.

Broadcasting in Britain

WITH the passing of the British Broadcasting Company into full government management the question of radio and free speech comes forward. Julian Huxley, whose remarks on the subject of birth control were recently put on the air, is much disturbed, for his indiscretions brought a blush to the snow-white cheek of Sir Arthur Newsome, a medical man and a member of the National Social Hygiene Council. If, says Mr. Huxley, such men as Sir Arthur are going to be embarrassed by a little straight talk on a vital subject, what hope is there for the cause of birth control, and, what amounts to the same thing, the perpetuation of the British Empire?

Yet there is something to be said for the present system. A year ago, when

the B. B. C. was privately run, birth control was taboo. Now, under government supervision, when Mr. Huxley starts talking turkey the studio manager says afterward that such things are not allowed and he cannot imagine how such a gross infringement of ordinary decency can have occurred. What Mr. Huxley hopes for is the freest possible controversy, and he simply enters a plea for an honest application of scientific methods. If, however, scientists actually ran things they would soon come down just as hard on what they believe to be scientifically false as the present God-fearing crowd does on what they know to be morally wrong.

The root of the whole matter lies in the fact that in all London there is but one broadcasting station. This is bound to bore most of the people most of the time, since tastes vary, and the suggestion has been made that another station be opened, providing listeners with a plausible alternative. Captain Plugge, an international broadcasting expert, points out that England has fallen far behind Central Europe in radio prowess. Germany has seven high-powered stations to England's one, and in Paris from three to five different programmes are provided every evening. The objections of the electrical Plugge are, however, criticized by the *Morning Post's* radio expert, who intimates that England's one station is better than all Germany's seven put together. Unlike the United States, England has stringent laws controlling the air. How important this monopoly may be was demonstrated in the General Strike, and there are many people who feel that the daily sound of a human voice proclaiming a fixed set of views is far more effective in forming public opinion than all the newspaper editorials in the world.

German and English Censorship

PEOPLE who share with Mr. Bernard Shaw the quaint belief that Germany, since it is neither England nor America, enjoys complete artistic liberty will be at a loss to explain the passage of a drastic censorship law known as the *Schmutz und Schund* (Smut and Trash) Bill. In spite of the opposition of authors, artists, actors, and Socialists, this drastic measure received a handsome majority in the Reichstag, when many Social Democrats linked arms with the Nationalists, who voted for the new statute to a man. The law provides for a board of eight censors in every Federal State, each board under a neutral president. The members are appointed, subject to the approval of the various Federated States, by four different associations. Two members represent the school-teachers, two the youth and welfare organizations, two the publishers and art dealers, and two the authors and artists. Any publication referred to the board can be suppressed by a majority vote of six to three, and its publication and sale will become illegal. The most important exception to the law is that it applies only to books—newspapers and periodicals are not involved. Furthermore, no book can be censored because of its ethical, social, religious, philosophical, or political tendency 'as such'—a provision that would obviously pull almost all the teeth out of the new measure if it were actually applied.

The passage of the 'Smut and Trash Bill' aroused the greatest political and journalistic excitement. The Bavarians were particularly bitter on the subject, and the irony of *Simplicissimus* recalled pre-war days. Most of the scorn was visited on the word 'Trash,' which, if strictly interpreted, would bar the perfectly harmless German equivalents of Harold Bell Wright, Sir James M.

Barrie, James Oliver Curwood, and Christopher Morley. The end of popular literature cannot, however, be expected. The bill is certain to come down hard on a great deal of salacious material that is supposedly contaminating the youth of the country, and a few of the more hair-raising tales of criminals are likely to come under the ban as 'trash.' The most serious aspect of the censorship is its adaptability to political ends, and it is not reassuring to hear that it flatly violates the new Constitution.

English censorship is precisely the opposite of German. The House of Commons has recently passed a perfectly constitutional bill which is aimed to check the scandalous and salacious reports of divorce proceedings that have been appearing in the sensational press. An effort was also made to prevent the publication of articles written by criminals; but someone pointed out that this might be construed to apply to violators of the traffic laws as well as to murderers, so nothing was done about it. The liability for any infringement of the new law falls, not on the shoulders of the mere journalist, but on the proprietor, editor, printer, and publisher. The bill was quickly passed with an amazingly large majority, and from now on England's newspaper readers will be as carefully shielded from the ugly facts of life as the book-buying public of Germany.

At the time this new legislation was going through, the newspaper proprietors of England took another beating in the form of an organized protest on the part of disgruntled journalists who find that the tendency toward amalgamation is threatening many of them with the loss of their jobs. The president of the Institute of Journalists pointed out that there were fewer writers and more readers than in the old

days. Twenty-five years ago London supported nine evening journals. Now there are three. In the opinion of newspaper men, the success of the British Empire at the beginning of the century was almost solely due to the sagacity and versatility of her army of journalists, from whose opposing views the correct solution of any problem could at once be attained. Now mere politicians, or, worse still, business men and advertising managers, control the destinies of the Empire. Give the journalist a chance to express himself, and the millennium will automatically arrive.

The Late M. Richepin

THE death of M. Jean Richepin removed a picturesque figure from the French scene. Soldier, sailor, stevedore, actor, journalist, poet, member of the French Academy, ex-President of the Ligue des Gourmands, he indeed deserved the tribute paid him by *Le Figaro* in its special *Hommage à Jean Richepin* number. This remarkable man was born in Algeria seventy-seven years ago, and when his first book of poetry was published in 1876 under the title, *Chanson des Gueux*, he was sent to jail for a month. To Americans he is probably best known as the author of *Nana Sahib*, in which he played along with Bernhardt.

In 1900 he retired from the stage and devoted most of his efforts to oratory and journalism. In middle life he settled down, as even the wildest of us will, and became an impeccable *père de famille*, though he never lost his almost

athletic interest in the adventure of living. His last public appearance was as Director of the French Academy a few months ago, when Georges Leconte was received.

In *Le Figaro's* homage number a M. Francis de Croisset tells of meeting M. Richepin through his son. He found the old man seated in a Gothic armchair looking out over his unruly beard at his little garden, green and moist in the Parisian spring. M. Richepin broke the ice by asking his guest his opinion of Shakespeare, banging his fist down and urging a quick response. The young man said he liked Shakespeare very much, thank you; and Richepin replied that there were two kinds of people in the world, those who liked Shakespeare and those who were half-wits. Since the young man liked Shakespeare, he could stay to lunch and enjoy hearing his host be reminded by the olive oil in the salad dressing of a trip he once made in Provence. The youthful guest was quite swept away by the enthusiastic older man, who spoke of Homer and Ovid as if he expected them to walk into the room at any moment. Henri de Régnier, a fellow Academician of Richepin's, summed the matter up in these crisp words: 'I loved in Jean Richepin the man with a generous heart and the poet whose lyricism was truculent and picturesque by turns. He made use of a learned rhetoric and an impeccable verbal erudition; his work of romantic realism sprang from classical soil, yet vibrated with enthusiasm, pride, and intense life.'

DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

SEVEN Million Pounds for Commercializing Sunday! Join in defeating this God-dishonoring Scheme. A National Campaign for the Sunday Opening of Cinemas is being launched by a number of Cinema Owners. Their declared aim is the opening of 3425 Cinemas on the LORD'S Day; and already they are boasting that this will mean at least seven million pounds in their coffers. Shall we allow them to succeed? Shall we be supine whilst men for unholy gains are enticing our young people from God's House on God's Day? Shall we who are readers of *Public Opinion* stand idly by whilst the sacred hours of our Sundays are being desecrated with films suggesting frivolity, debauchery, and 'fast' living? The Lord's Day Observance Society, which has been so successful in preventing the Sunday Opening of Theatres and Music Halls, is now engaged in a campaign to keep these 3425 Cinemas closed on Sundays. . . .

The Sunday Cinema Party are now announcing their intention of opening Attacks in other districts — but wherever they venture to show themselves, we intend, God helping us, to continue to resist them. In this critical hour when the God-given Day of Rest is being encroached upon by the forces of Commercialism we dare not hold back. To carry on the Campaign, however, we must have fighting funds. Our enemies have unlimited finances; we have a righteous cause, but we are needing immediate HELP.

— From an advertisement in *Public Opinion*

* * *

A convinced Catholic is easily the most hard-headed and logical person walking about the world to-day. — *G. K. Chesterton*

* * *

The strong, silent man is a myth: I have never met him. — *Lloyd George*

* * *

A Mr. Dreyer, of Hull, picked up the Moscow broadcasting station last night and heard Mr. Cook speaking in English.

Mr. Cook, according to Mr. Dreyer's report, said that there were two million unemployed in England, and factories were closing down. England was losing all its colonies, and the only way to put things right was to establish a workmen's Parliament. — *Westminster Gazette*

In all my political experience, I have never known a Government lose prestige and popular support so rapidly and to such an extent as the present Government has done. — *Philip Snowden*

* * *

The record of Western civilization in China is indeed a black record, and foreigners there to-day are suffering from the results of their own greed. — *Lloyd George*

* * *

'Hundreds of members took part in the booing. . . . There was no attempt to touch him, as he is an old man, but some of the younger members who are known to be in favor of Saturday opening had a narrow escape from being severely handled. . . . It was a disgraceful scene.'

In these words the *Daily Express* describes an angry outburst of Stock Exchange members who stopped work for twenty minutes to boo an elderly man who had suggested that they should work on Saturday morning instead of playing golf.

It may be stated that the hours of business on the Stock Exchange are from 10.45 A.M. to 3.30 P.M. On Saturdays and Sundays the members are free to play golf or any other game they please. It is sad to think that these gentlemen of the Stock Exchange should be threatened with longer hours. In the mine, in the mill, in the field and factory, the toiler is called upon by his masters to toil yet more, but the gamblers of the Exchange, the 'bookies' of Capitalism, must still enjoy their twenty-four-hour week.

— *Daily Herald*

* * *

I am glad Mr. St. John Ervine has ventilated this question of smoking in theatres, and I hope what he says will act as some deterrent to the practice of such an obnoxious habit. It makes one ashamed of the bad manners creeping into our theatres at home when we can travel all over the United States and Canada and never witness such an uncivilized spectacle. Even in the variety houses, which correspond with our music halls, or cinemas, I have never seen it done.

— *Sir John Martin Harvey*

* * *

To most people the mere mention of snow is disagreeable. — *William Le Queux*

BOOKS ABROAD

Mr. Charles, King of England, by John Drinkwater. London: Hodder and Stoughton; New York: George H. Doran Company, 1916. \$5.00.

[*Spectator*]

MR. DRINKWATER has written a sound, plain biography of the earlier life of Charles II, with a briefer account of his later years. It is a subject of inexhaustible interest and delight. After dallying with every period of English history, the modern reader will probably come back to the seventeenth century as, after all, the most permanently entralling. There was a richness, a force, an intensity, about the actors, both tragedians and comedians, who took the English political stage between 1630 and 1688 which is perhaps incomparable.

From Milton to 'Old Rowley,' from Oliver to Halifax — were there ever such Englishmen gathered together for strife or for co-operation, before or since? Mr. Drinkwater writes clearly and well about them all, taking all from the point of view of a Whig before his time. 'The Revolution was necessary: absolute monarchy had to be broken: the Protectorate was a great period of our history. On the other hand, the Restoration was equally essential. Charles II was the founder of our Constitutional Monarchy.' This passage on the result of the Battle of Worcester is typical: —

In due time his restoration was to be the best, the only, solution of England's problems. But had he by any chance succeeded in his present designs, the Civil War would have been fought in vain, and he would almost certainly have been broken no less terribly than his father had been before him. In the light of history we view with equal satisfaction his overthrow at Worcester and each stage of the epic in which, for six weeks, he eluded its most violent consequences.

This savors, perhaps, a little of Dr. Pangloss. Everything, including even the defeats of our hero, is all for the best in the best possible of worlds. Still, it may be that the contention is a just one. Mr. Drinkwater's main argument on the question of Charles's character appears to be that his early hardships and adventures were responsible for his faults and qualities as a ruler later life. We may readily agree.

On the whole we have read the book without

feeling that a flood of new light has been thrown on one of the greatest periods of English history. Still, it is always pleasant to read of great events, and Mr. Drinkwater introduces us to many excellent documents of the period, for which we should thank him.

Downland Man, by H. J. Massingham. London: Jonathan Cape, 21s. 1926.

[Professor G. Elliot Smith in the *Sunday Times*]

In his recent *History of England*, Mr. Trevelyan has successfully achieved the very rare feat of conveying in a small compass the proper perspective of a long and very complex series of events, and justly apportioning the credit to the varied influences that made England what she is. So many writers assume, like Mr. Hilaire Belloc, that the history of England begins with the Roman invasion and that our country owed its original cultural capital to the civilization of Rome. Julius Caesar leaves his readers in no doubt that the peoples of Western Europe had better ships than he had; and we know from other sources that a high type of civilization had been flourishing in Britain for more than a millennium before the Romans came.

In this book Mr. Massingham has collected the varied evidence that throws a brilliant light upon Roman Britain, the birth of English civilization, and the alien sources of much of its inspiration. For though he does not agree with Mr. Belloc in deriving this culture from Rome, he puts forward a strong claim for the influence of the Mediterranean area in providing the enterprising pioneers and the arts and crafts and the customs and beliefs of the founders of British civilization.

In his *Agricola* Tacitus tells us that Britain contains, to reward the conqueror, mines of gold and other metals, and its sea produces pearls. The archaeological evidence provides convincing proof of the accuracy of this statement, and indicates, as Mr. W. J. Perry has pointed out, that many centuries before the time of Tacitus the people who built the rude stone monuments in Cornwall and Devon and introduced agriculture and the foundations of civilization into Britain were searching for the precious things he mentions. Mr. Massingham has set forth in detail the evidence in substantiation of the justice of these claims and a luminous exposition of their wider significance as a part of universal history. A se-

ries of illustrations — in particular, excellent reproductions of some of Sir Richard Colt-Hoare's beautiful engravings — adds to the charm of the verbal picture created by Mr. Massingham's poetic imagination and literary skill.

He describes the earliest civilization of England in the times when Avebury was its capital. In explanation of its distinctive monuments and ideals, he traces them back, step by step in time and type, to the ultimate source of their inspiration in Egypt. The factors that led to the changes incidental to the culture of the Bronze Age, when Stonehenge became the site of England's capital, are lucidly expounded. Finally, to quote his own words, he discusses the aftermath of cultural degeneration, artistic, political, and psychological, and tries to find out what degeneration means, what were the social causes that produced it, and how it affected human welfare.

The book deals with fundamental problems of humanistic inquiry that are at the present moment matters of lively controversy. In boldly championing the views that have already been sketched in rough outline by Mr. W. J. Perry, Mr. Massingham has thrown into the furnace a mass of inflammable material that is certain, unless I am mistaken, to produce a vigorous conflagration. We believe that out of the burning will emerge the pure metal of a true and untarnishable explanation of the sources and mode of development of the civilization that has conferred upon England its distinctive temper and personality.

Apart from the fascination of his story and the interest of his collection of ancient references and modern observations, Mr. Massingham's book is particularly important because it deals in language devoid of technical jargon with a subject of worldwide interest in terms of certain local facts. Any one can check the accuracy of his observations by visiting the megalithic monuments and earthworks in Southern England; and it is open to any one to make his own observations and test the validity of the inferences based upon such evidence. Hence Mr. Massingham has performed a useful service in providing general readers with the means of bringing the origin of the particular culture they themselves enjoy into relationship with world history and the present phase of ethnological controversy.

Mr. Gilhooley, by Liam O'Flaherty. London: Jonathan Cape, 1926. 7s. 6d.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

MR. LIAM O'FLAHERTY is rapidly losing his tendency to melodrama, although the theme of his new novel is not less sordid than that of *The Informer*. Gilhooley, despite a dreadful portrait of him on the wrapper that deceives the reader

beforehand into thinking exactly the opposite, is 'a handsome man without a blemish of any sort, excepting some sort of pockmarks on the tip of his nose, the result of a disease he contracted in Valparaiso'; but the tedium and loneliness of his bachelor life in Dublin, to which he has returned after pursuing, not unprosperously, the profession of civil engineer in South America, lead him into taking downward step which ends in a double fatality, of which his share is particularly unattractive. Mr. O'Flaherty's narrative and characterization are done with remarkable power, and reveal imagination and a technique which is very impressive, for all its indebtedness to Maupassant and Mr. James Joyce and, more consistently, to the Russian writers, of whom one is inevitably reminded in a novel of the actualistic type dealing with madness — Gilhooley, we are led to understand, is really an incipient lunatic — and the sins of creatures that once were men and women. While the story has artistic faults (there is no justification in a work of restricted canvas in presenting detailed descriptions of the various minor characters who are encountered but once during the book), it has also its moments of tremendous Maupassant-like effect. Mr. O'Flaherty has done nothing better, revolting as they are, than the final scenes of Mr. Gilhooley's murder, by strangling, of the shiftless girl he has rescued from the gutter and of his self-destruction. The obvious endeavors in other pages to sustain an atmosphere of violence rather spoils the culminating impression of tragedy, however — tragedy, that is, in the Greek sense. Fate so easily becomes merely fatality in the case of wretches like Gilhooley, Friel, Hanrahan, and Nelly; the tragedy lies rather in the fact that they ever lived at all. But we have a real and nightmarish sense of that tragedy, and it is not to be escaped.

Encounters, by B. Ifor Evans. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1926. 10s. 6d.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

A JOURNEY round the world was undertaken by Mr. Evans in the autumn of 1924 as the result of obtaining an Albert Kahn traveling fellowship. A Fellow is required to spend a year studying Europe, the East, and America: —

He is to observe the social habits of the people. . . . He is to study their philosophy, their religion, their art, and their politics. Above all, he is to study their national ambitions and to relate them to international aspirations. Not only present times but past times are his province.

From such instructions there might issue an appalling book. Fortunately, Mr. Evans is aware

of the pitfalls. No doubt he studied, for he is obviously a patient and conscientious Fellow; but he is careful to put his conclusions into the mouths of typical representatives of ideas and causes, and typical people are not responsible for their words. For the most part he recounts conversations; of the men and women he talks with one is for the prosecution and another for the defense; he does not presume to sum up, with the result that his chapters read more like the notes for a book than like a book itself, and that the reader is stimulated into using them for a summing-up of his own. Sometimes the speaker is ingeniously shepherded into producing an effect other than he intended. Such a one is the successful druggist of St. Louis—in his early days a Bermondsey street boy. We learn how he looks about for 'the big idea,' and of the patience and energy with which he develops it when found:—

'I've found it. They are all too pale.'

'Too pale! What do you mean?'

'I mean all of them, Mrs. Hezekiah [his wife] and all of them; every woman in America is too pale. It's the sun and air; it dries them up; we must make them rouge, and there's money in it.'

So the rouge, under the name of flour, was given away at first to all the respectable middle-aged women; and on the day the promoter learned that there were fifteen of them with it in the Women's Club he knew his fortune was made. The man who tells the story goes on to condemn England as being a country where there would have been no reward for the qualities which enabled him to prosper on his big idea. The balance is fairly held, and neither America nor England comes off well. But Mr. Evans is seldom as satiric as this; and when he feels his way to the honesty that must underlie the efficiency of the big business of Chicago he is obviously sincere in his final comment: 'He who despises it is a fool.' So, too, with the film stars of Hollywood; they are worthy of attention because they attract it; their personalities are known throughout the world, and 'if they had faiths they could propagate them.' In this spirit Mr. Evans makes his whole tour, from the assemblies of Geneva, through Egypt, India, the Straits Settlements, China and Japan, to Vaudeville in New York, intently keeping his mind open as he would expand his chest on a training walk. He is aware that his types are embodied national prejudices and prepossessions rather than the elusive normal person. Now and again he introduces real people in the old-fashioned way under their own names—interviews with Zaghlul Pasha and Gandhi providing him, and us, with a provocative contrast between the methods of tactics and the methods of conviction.

The first chapter is an admirable and suggestive summary of the influences that are asserting themselves in the war-shaken world.

My Fifty Years, by H. R. H. Prince Nicholas of Greece. London: Hutchinson and Company, 1926. 21s.

[*Times*]

COLLECTIONS of memoirs dealing with court life abroad are so often overburdened with controversial statements or the records of unfortunate experiences of matrimony that it is most refreshing to find in Prince Nicholas's pages a quite joyous account of his life as a king's younger son in the great days before the dynastic disaster in Greece.

The first King of the Hellenes had a large family, and, being for a king a rather poor man, brought his children up in a healthy simplicity. They were full of spirit, which the barkings of a stern German tutor seem to have done little to curb, and Prince Nicholas records with obvious pleasure innumerable instances of royal exuberance displayed at the expense of august uncles and crowned aunts when once the courtiers and politicians had withdrawn and the royalties were able to enjoy their dearly loved privacy. While some of their relatives tried to maintain family discipline,—notably their Danish grandfather, King Christian IX, who exercised some measure of *patria potestas* even over his crowned and married son, the King of the Hellenes, and scolded him well for taking out the horses without paternal permission,—others set the Greek princes a most rumbustious example. The worst among these was the gigantic Tsar Alexander III, who once saw fit to empty a garden squirt over the stately King Oscar II of Sweden and Norway while the latter was walking with the Tsar's father-in-law, of Denmark. On another occasion the same joyous despot soaked a grand duke with a hose and meekly submitted afterward to be soused in his turn when caught unawares by his youthful victim. Throughout the book there are many pleasing reminiscences of monarchs and other folk. The Prince recalls Queen Victoria's stern prohibition of bedroom fires at Balmoral, even in the case of visitors accustomed to the Russian system of warming rooms.

As his father's representative, Prince Nicholas attended many interesting functions and ceremonies—the coronation of his jovial uncle and aunt in Westminster Abbey and that of his near kinsman, Tsar Nicholas II (whom, on one occasion, he remembers as reading the late Mr. Bram Stoker's *Dracula* aloud to a shuddering family circle), and various weddings and reviews. It was at the wedding of the Crown Prince of Montenegro at Cetinje that the Prince

first met his own future son-in-law, who was then an exile from Serbia, and it was while he was in Madrid to attend the coming-of-age festivities of the present King of Spain that he heard the great Paderewski — who had not then earned M. Clemenceau's condoling 'Quelle chute!' by condescending to be a mere prime minister — play Chopin with such verve that his fingers bled.

Prince Nicholas claims to be the first and last Greek prince to have paid a state visit to Constantinople. There he was depressed alike by having to see Santa Sophia being used as a mosque, by having to wear full-dress uniform for an unconscionable number of consecutive hours, and by the nature of the entertainment offered to him by his host, Sultan Abdul Hamid II, who appeared to be oblivious of the staleness of the fish, the coldness of the other courses, the rustiness of the knives and forks, the dirtiness of his servants' hands, and the general awfulness and misfit of their liveries. The Sultan gave lordly presents which did not materialize, and offered an unexpected excuse for not driving a motor car in the grounds of his Palace of Yildiz, through which the Prince had seen the absolute padishah proceeding in a carriage at a rapid trot while the perspiring pushas who formed the Cabinet had to run, toiling breathlessly, abreast of their master in order to comply with the healthy exigencies of Ottoman Court etiquette which enabled the sovereign to convey a hint of the measure of his affection for his ministers by the regulation of the speed of his progress to suit his taste or their figures.

The Prince had, in course of time, to play his part in public affairs. He was Military Governor of Saloniki when a lunatic changed the course of Greek history by assassinating King George I in the street, and he comments acidly upon the neo-republican enthusiasm of recent administrations in Athens which has so far made it impossible to build a memorial church on the spot where so great a benefactor of his adopted country was done to death. Prince Nicholas records the events which marked his brother King Constantine's successive deposition and abdication, but does not chronicle the causes of the former or detail the melancholy preliminaries of the latter.

The author conveys the impression that he is preparing a second volume to cover the periods and episodes purposely ignored in the present. Such a volume promises to be eminently interesting, but it cannot hope to deal with such con-

trasts in the fortunes of its writer as those described in the present collection of joyous and care-free reminiscences and sad realities of disaster and exile.

Glad Ghost, by D. H. Lawrence. London: Ernest Benn, 1926. 1s.

[*Nation and Athenaeum*]

RANDOM fears that Mr. D. H. Lawrence had been carried away from proportions by his strange-fangled theories of solar-plexus intelligence and Hebrew or visceral emotion are dispelled by this novelette or long-short story. Excepting the careless beginning, it is a small masterpiece in its own way. A dull dinner party in an oppressive country house becomes, by sheer virtuosity of idea, a Platonic Banquet. His little group of people is awkward and repressed. It comprises a titled husband and wife, the latter dulled by the loss of all her young children, a mother-in-law whose spiritualistic beliefs are miasmic, a colonel so frightened by his belief in the spiritual unhappiness of his dead wife that his second wife remains a thwarted spinster. How Mr. Lawrence manages to vitalize these poor ghosts of convention, to reform them by his new synthesis of physical and spiritual love, — which recalls the fervors of Spanish mysticism, — is a mystery in itself. But he succeeds, and his people respond eloquently to a music of pure idea, and stir us with a higher reality. All this is a triumph of that rare labor which Rossetti called fundamental brain-work.

*

BOOKS MENTIONED

BOLANOS, G. ALEMAN. *La Serena Inquietud*. Guatemala City: Tipographia Sanchez y de Guise, 1926.

MARTINEZ, RAFAEL AREVALO. *La Oficina de Pata de Orolandia*. Guatemala City: Tipographia Sanchez y de Guise, 1925.

MENDIETA, SALVADOR. *Cuentos Caciquistas Centro Americanos*. Managua: Tipographia Moderna, 1912.

WELLS, H. G. *Mr. Belloc Objects*. London: Watts, 1926. 1s.

BELLOC, HILAIRE. *Mr. Belloc Still Objects*. London: Sheed and Ward, 1926. 1s.

Memorandum on Production and Trade, submitted to the Preparatory Committee for the International Economic Conference. London: Constable, 1926. 1s. 6d.

Destin
Geo
WHAT
years
many
unple
the g
when
fragra
train
touch
tract
no me
book;
to mo
ley set
humor
does
Grown
of futu
Mr. H
of vie
fact ha
'upper
the au
sadder
left a
in whi
unlike
Keyse
intellig
Java,
tive, b
moods
prose,
of his
all of
Mr. I
volum
America
New
1926
THE
thor's
their
book
visit to

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Jesting Pilate, by Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. \$3.50.

WHAT makes this the best travel book of recent years is the author's complete frankness. So many travelers gloss over certain humiliating or unpleasant episodes of their journeys that it is the greatest relief to find a man who explains when and why he is bored, who describes the fragrant old Indian priest sitting next him on the train — who gives, in short, the intimate daily touch that you have hitherto been able to extract only from your closest friends. This is by no means the only distinguishing quality of the book; it is simply the one that will recommend it to most readers. Like everything that Mr. Huxley sets his hand to, *Jesting Pilate* is well written, humorous, sly, and wistful. This last quality does not recommend itself to everybody. Grown-up men and women grow weary in time of futile undergraduate discussions, and though Mr. Huxley speaks the King's English his point of view remains permanently adolescent. This fact he vaguely recognizes when he calls himself 'upper middle class' because his socialist leanings are hard to reconcile with the world as it is.

More than half of *Jesting Pilate* is devoted to the author's travels in India, which he left a sadder and a wiser man. He arrived a realist and left a realist. He was depressed by the poverty in which hundreds of millions of natives live, but, unlike the ignorant natives and the ingenuous Keyserling, he did not inoculate himself against intelligence with their absurd philosophy. In Java, Malay, and the Pacific he is more descriptive, but he never fails to indulge his speculative moods. Los Angeles moved him to a rhapsody in prose, and there is more horse sense in any one of his sentences on the United States than in all of nice Mr. Strachey's *American Soundings*. Mr. Huxley has written the most readable volume that has come our way in a long time.

American Soundings, by J. St. Loe Strachey. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1926. \$2.50.

THE spread between the grandeur of the author's generous intentions and the inadequacy of their fulfillment makes this an embarrassing book to review. Mr. Strachey paid a whirlwind visit to a few spots of interest in the Northeastern United States, penetrating as far south as Vir-

ginia. He then hurried home to write a book about it. Coming over, he liked America; returning, he loved it; but alas, the country he loves, like so many objects of adoration, is an imaginary creature. What conception of New England, to go no further from home, can he get from a weekend with the Master of Hounds at Groton? What picture can he receive of America if he does his sight-seeing this way: 'If I had laboriously and conscientiously visited the great centres of population and viewed the Furnaces of Pittsburgh or the Factories of Detroit . . . I should have obtained a false view of America, or, rather, of what matters in America, and indeed in every other country — that is, of the people and their outlook on life'? Mr. Strachey supplies his own answer: 'The American man is a born dialectician and loves, as he should, talk for its own sake.' Perhaps the fact that Mr. Strachey did not seem to run into many young people accounts for this extraordinarily inaccurate generalization, but we believe that a few minutes with any middle-aged couple in Los Angeles, Toledo, or Atlanta while they were debating whether to put in the evening with the radio or at a movie would have been a painful surprise.

The Bugle Sounds, by Major Zinovi Pechkoff. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1926. \$2.50.

THIS picturesque and thrilling account of life in the Foreign Legion as told by Major Pechkoff, the adopted son of Maksim Gor'kii, is a book that, despite its deceptive bulk, may be read through at a single sitting. Much of it is in the form of a diary written by this officer in command of troops who were doing, first, constructive work in Algeria, and later destructive work in Morocco. The brief introduction by André Maurois prepares us for the enthralled interest we feel in following Major Pechkoff's leadership through the various perils and excitements he undergoes and escapes from. The vivid word-pictures of warfare with the Rifians recall the scenes of battle lately recorded in the screen version of *Beau Geste*, and are no less striking and exciting. Underneath the surging activity so realistically painted one feels the almost mystic turn of mind and spirit that reveals the nationality of the author: only a Russian could describe the wastage of war and the reckless and

romantic lives and deaths of the Foreign Legion in a way that makes them seem but a symbol of a great spiritual purpose behind and beyond the warriors depicted. When, through the lips of Major Pechkoff, the bugle sounds, we all stand at attention.

Her Majesty, by E. Thornton Cook. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1926. \$6.00.

ALTHOUGH this book is subtitled 'The Romance of the Queens of England, 1066-1910,' there was precious little romance in any of their queenly lives, for royal marriages are made in whatever, at any given moment of history, corresponds to the smoke-filled hotel room where Warren Harding virtually received the Republican nomination. The ladies displayed in this book include every queen of England from Matilda of Flanders, the consort of William the Conqueror, down to the late Queen Alexandra. Some, naturally, occupy more space than others, but it is often the shorter pieces, such as the pitiful little life of Lady Jane Grey, 'the nine days' queen,' that are most interesting. Mr. Cook has gone about his business with deep reverence and complete authority; the salt of satire is not in it. His style is straightforward and unadorned with elegancies; his mental processes and descriptions are not complicated. Americans who feel that their ties with the Old Country entitle them to a proprietary share in the history of its rulers will find much that will interest them here. They will also be particularly grateful for the full-page likenesses of every one of the volume's many heroines.

The Midnight Court, and the Adventures of a Luckless Fellow. Translated from the Gaelic by Percy Arland Ussher. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926. \$2.00.

IRELAND in the eighteenth century, when *The Midnight Court* was written, stood clear of European influence, but could not steam up a culture or literature of international significance. For

that reason these two narrative poems are likely to prove disappointing to anyone but a specialist: even Mr. Yeats in his competent little introduction admits that he found the second and shorter contribution rather hard sledding. *The Midnight Court*, however, he really enjoyed, and so, we venture to say, will others who go in for that sort of thing. It describes, with the broadness of an ampler time than ours, the evidence submitted by various men and women each accusing the other sex of amorous deficiencies. Queen Eevel, the arbiter, finally decides in favor of the ladies, and just as the hero is about to be bastinadoed for having committed the indiscretion of being a bachelor he awakes, and lo, it was a dream.

Tropic Death, by Eric Walrond. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926. \$2.00.

THE author of this volume of short stories is a Jamaican who is hailed by Carl Van Vechten and other literary abolitionists as one of the more promising figures in the Negro renaissance. Mr. Walrond certainly expresses himself in a style that is all his own, — the deliberate disorder of some of his sentences remotely suggests the prose of Joyce, — but the dialect of his characters is, to this provincial reviewer, like nothing on sea or land. To an American it reads very much the way the speech of our own Negroes must read to the average Britisher. Some of the words and phrases are quite incomprehensible; others, if chanted in a low voice several times, will disgorge their meaning. The action of the stories takes place in Caribbean territories, and the characters, who are colorful in the strict sense of that much abused adjective, move in circles seldom if ever frequented by decorous readers of the *Living Age*. Nevertheless, there is much original and startling material in this exotic atmosphere. *Tropic Death* may not be the ideal birthday remembrance for Aunt Minnie, but there are many cast-iron stomachs in the land that will draw good nourishment from it.

BUSINESS ABROAD

THE inclusion of Austria, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia in the European steel cartel, with an allotment of two million tons to their furnaces, which was announced for the first of January, was temporarily held up by the last-minute claims of Czechoslovakia for a higher quota. The ironmasters of that country may not profit greatly by entering the cartel, because they are already being undersold in Southeastern Europe — their principal foreign market — by Poland, which still stands outside the combination. A committee has been appointed to consider bringing Great Britain into the alliance. The iron and steel industry of the latter country is still suffering from the coal strike. Its total output of pig iron in November, the last month reported, was less than thirteen thousand tons, and that of steel less than one hundred thousand tons, as compared with well toward half a million tons of iron and six hundred and fifty-four thousand tons of steel in 1925. For the past five years, however, iron and steel making has been depressed in Great Britain, several important firms having shown losses for every year since 1921. Among those less affected is Baldwin's, Ltd., the British Premier's company, which nevertheless has paid no dividend on its common stock since 1920, and no dividend on its preferred shares during the past season. Lord Furness reported at a December meeting of the South Durham Steel and Iron Company that 1926 was the first year in the history of the corporation that it had been unable to show a divisible profit. Nevertheless, British ironmasters are on the aggressive. One of the largest steel companies announces in its annual report the establishment of a new branch at Cape Town, a prosperous sales office at Buenos Aires, and large orders for bridges and structural materials secured in the Dominions and in Egypt. The shipbuilding trade has improved, and order books are reported to be full for several months to come. British rail makers have reached an understanding with their Continental colleagues which has resulted in the formation of a European Rail Makers Association to stabilize prices. Commenting upon a visit to America, the chairman of Dorman, Long, and Company, Ltd., reported: 'We formed the opinion that this country is behind America in blast furnace methods, but with regard to steel furnace and rolling mills practice we did not

consider that they have very much to teach us.' Some time ago we alluded to the radical reduction of capital forced upon Vickers, Ltd., the great steel and armament manufacturers, by undue expansion during the period of war prosperity. Now their great competitor, the Armstrong-Whitworth Company, is facing a similar crisis. Among other injudicious investments in outside enterprises was one of nearly fifteen million dollars, exclusive of guaranties, in the Newfoundland Power and Paper Company, Ltd., 'on which there are little prospects of any return in the near future.' Altogether the Company has some fifty million dollars 'invested in undertakings foreign to their original business, on which no return is being made or is likely to be made for some time to come.' As a result of the heavy losses sustained by this indiscreet expansion, this company and one of its great competitors have been obliged to suspend interest payments on their securities.

Rumor has been busy with the fortunes of the German Dyes Union, which is associated with *Dyes and Chemicals* American interests and has recently endeavored to come to an agreement with the Standard Oil Company, particularly with regard to the production of liquid fuel from coal. Apparently the Standard Oil Company rejected the overtures made to it, but the Germans are pushing forward their new plant for the production of synthetic benzine, no less than six thousand workmen being employed on the job. The establishment will consist of twenty vast buildings and three gigantic furnaces, and will have a daily output of four hundred thousand tons of liquid fuel, in addition to great quantities of nitrogen. In Great Britain a new trust, formed by the amalgamation of the Nobel Industries, the United Alkali Company, the British Dyestuffs Corporation, and Brunner, Mond, and Company, has been formed under the title of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., with an authorized capital of sixty-five million pounds sterling. The directors ascribe the merger to the large and powerful combinations in Europe and America, commanding huge reserves in equipment, technique, and finance, and promise large economies from the fusion. They lay much stress upon their intention of promoting trading interests within the Empire. Behind this manœuvring, at least so far as the British Dyestuffs Corporation is

concerned, lies the fact that there is an over-production of coal-tar dyes at present, and the capacity of existing works is more than sufficient to take care of any possible increase for several years to come. In 1913 the world's production of synthetic dyes was somewhat more than one hundred and fifty thousand tons, of which Germany manufactured one hundred and twenty-five thousand tons and exported one hundred thousand tons. No other country was a large producer. During the war Germany's dye works were largely devoted to the production of military chemicals, but following the peace she restored her output to about seventy thousand tons, where it now seems to be stabilized. Other countries were forced to make their own colors during the war, but no other of them profited by this necessity to the extent of the United States, where the output, at its peak in 1923, exceeded forty thousand tons and has not fallen greatly below that level since. We make in this country, however, chiefly synthetic indigo and sulphur blacks, which are among the cheaper colors, while Germany is still supreme in the manufacture of the more delicate and higher-priced dyes. In Germany potash producers have formed a huge merger which, unlike the dyestuffs and steel trusts, draws its strength from a monopoly of raw materials rather than from patents and special processes. It is said that the French potash mines are parties to this amalgamation and that the whole project is financed by a London bank. The German potash syndicate was, four years ago, the first German industry to come to an understanding with its French competitors. Furthermore, the new combine is regarded as a preliminary organization which will eventually be absorbed by the dyes trust. Marked weakness has characterized the shares of the leading artificial silk companies, Courtauld's, which was quoted earlier in the year at 145s., having fallen to 97s.6d. The industry has been depressed for some time, and prices have vainly been reduced in the hope of stimulating demand. Great expectations are now based on a new French invention which is said to make possible the weaving of a fabric by knitting machines, and which, if successful, will probably extend the use of artificial fibres. At present the lace industry of Nottingham is practically at a standstill, and thousands of knitting machines are lying idle. Snia Viscosa, the largest manufacturer of artificial silk and similar fabrics in Italy, has offered a block of its first mortgage, seven and one-half per cent bonds in the London market at 93. The issue, which amounts to well toward seven million dollars, is to pay off certain bank loans, interest on which is very heavy. The profits of the Company, which have exceeded a million pounds sterling per annum for the four

years ending with last July, have recently declined by about one third, although sales are again increasing after the recent depression.

Lord Weir, one of Great Britain's leading industrial peers, in addressing the House of Lords on the condition of the country last December, presented an extra-ordinarily gloomy view of the situation. He declared that 'the total productivity of the country, measured by any available test, is from twelve to twenty per cent less than it was twelve years ago.' According to official statistics — with the figures for December estimated — Great Britain's merchandise imports last year exceeded four hundred and sixty-seven million pounds sterling, while her total exports, including re-exports and domestic manufactures, will fall below one hundred and fifty million pounds. The country paid employment benefits in 1921 for more than four hundred and fifty-three million working days. Thereafter a steady decline occurred each succeeding year until 1925, when the number of days fell below two hundred and seventy-four million. Presumably it rose to the 1921 figure or above during 1926. In the latter year more than one hundred and forty-three million working days were lost through strikes, as compared with less than eight million in 1925. Since the Armistice, more than one and one-half billion dollars has been paid out in Great Britain for unemployment benefits and out-of-work donations. Nevertheless, many favorable factors help to relieve this situation. As we have just seen, iron- and steel-masters are hopeful and have abundant orders on their books despite the present crisis. The coal strike did not prevent the two leading firms of shipbuilders at Belfast from turning out nearly twice the tonnage in 1926 that they did the previous year, and they are reported to have large orders on hand for the coming season. Moreover, there is a wide distribution of company ownership among the people. Great Britain has more than ninety-five thousand corporations with a total paid-up capital of between twenty-two and twenty-three billion dollars. Averaging statistics for seven of the largest of these, including the Imperial Tobacco Company, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and the Cunard Steamship Company, the average shareholder's investment is about fifteen hundred dollars, and the number of shareholders exceeds three hundred and eighty-five thousand. Similar figures for eleven somewhat smaller corporations, which include, however, the General Electric Company and some of the large milling corporations, show more than one hundred and eighteen thousand shareholders with a somewhat higher average holding of about twenty-three hundred dollars. Over one third of these shareholders

recently
les are
leading
use of
country
extra-
situa-
the total
ay any
er cent
ding to
ember
se im-
sixty-
r total
manu-
d fifty
ayment
ed and
after a
g year
below
. Pre-
during
hundred
ere lost
s than
e, more
s been
ayment
verthe-
ive this
d steel-
ders on
the coal
irms of
nearly
did the
o have
season.
of com-
t Brit-
and cor-
between
dollars.
gest of
pany,
Cunard
holder's
dollars,
s three
Similar
corpora-
Electric
corpora-
eighteen
higher
hundred
holders

own less than one hundred pounds of stock, and the presumption is that they are people of small or moderate means. In Great Britain, where Stock Exchange fees, commissions, and stamps amount to nearly two and one-half per cent of a small purchase, large investors and speculators seldom purchase in lots of this size.

Another bright spot in the British situation is afforded by the profitable balance sheets exhibited by many of the great British corporations whose investments lie largely abroad. Shipping companies as a rule have shared in this prosperity. Despite losses estimated at more than one million dollars as a result of the coal strike and the disastrous condition of the China trade, the Peninsula and Oriental Steam Navigation Company came through the year with liberal earnings. This company and its associated lines operated four hundred and thirty-three steamers, and last year carried fifteen million tons of cargo and more than two and one-quarter million passengers. The crews upon its vessels numbered about forty thousand. This company's most important rival in the Far Eastern business, the Orient Steam Navigation Company, Ltd., also reports profits of three hundred and seventy-one thousand pounds for the past year — a considerable increase over the previous season. Neither have strikes and depression seriously affected the London hotel business, if we are to judge from the annual report of the Strand Hotel Company, Ltd., the Statler Corporation of Great Britain, which owns and operates the 'no tip' Regent and Strand Palace. Last year the net profits exceeded those of any previous season, amounting to well over half a million dollars, and the Company proposes to enlarge the latter hotel by the coming year to one thousand rooms. Similar prosperity characterizes the tobacco and liquor industries. The British-American Tobacco Company, Ltd., increased its earnings last year by more than five million dollars, bringing them up to something over thirty million dollars. Meanwhile Samuel Allsopp, the brewers, show net profits of about half a billion dollars, a slight increase over 1925. Two other well-known brewing concerns, Bass, Ratcliffe, and Company and Worthington and Company, have just combined. Bass has paid thirteen per cent for the past three years, and Worthington twelve per cent, on an ordinary capital of nearly fifteen million dollars.

France's deflation crisis still overcasts her business horizon. Wholesale prices in gold are now higher than in the European countries with which she must compete abroad. Nearly sixty-three per cent of her exports consist of manufactured goods, while seventy per cent of her imports are of raw materials. *Le Figaro* predicted late in December: 'Our foreign

trade will doubtless show a favorable balance for a few more weeks, for our exporters are hurrying to finish up their old orders. When exports decline, imports will fall off in equal ratio, and perhaps faster.' This will reduce customs receipts, but it will also lessen the demand for foreign bills, and to that extent ease the situation of the franc. Meanwhile the cost of living continues to rise. A buyers' strike is on, and merchants complained that their holiday trade was below normal. The silk mills in the Lyon district have agreed to work only forty hours per week, and automobile makers are dismissing large numbers of men. *Vossische Zeitung* concludes a review of the business year in Germany with the statement that 'the economic improvement in Germany since the deep depression of the first months of the year does not justify us in hoping for rapid and permanent betterment,' which will hardly manifest itself until the consuming power of the people rises. *Berliner Tageblatt*, in an analysis of the balance sheets of five hundred and sixty-three corporations with a capital of well over a billion marks, shows that their average net profits last year were only two and one-half per cent. Large concerns earned much more than this, however, while many smaller ones operated at a loss. The only group of industries showing no losing companies was gas, water, and electric-power works, but the mining, metal-working, and chemical industries were also fairly prosperous. An interesting episode in the German financial world is the reorganization of the Ufa, the great German film company, which proposes to assess its shareholders sixty-six and two-thirds per cent upon the par value of their stock. One reason for the depression of the industry is the decreased attendance at German cinemas. The people are saving their pennies for other things. Another difficulty is the virtual impossibility of competing with American producers in foreign markets. This last difficulty will be overcome, it is hoped, by an agreement between the Ufa and its American rivals. Germany's shipping industries, like those of Great Britain, are prosperous, and the North German Lloyd has contracted for two new Atlantic liners, each of forty-six thousand tons displacement, to cost nearly twenty-five million dollars. The German air combine has recently reduced fares to a point where they are now lower than first-class railway fares. For example, it costs seventy-seven and one-half marks to go first-class by train from Berlin to Munich, and seventy-five marks by airplane.

Russian business conditions, like the Russian political situation, are dominated by the peasant, who, according to all reports from that country, has experienced a remarkable intellectual

awakening since the war and Revolution. Having burned his fingers with the paper money of the Tsar and the early Soviet *Russia* régime, he has no confidence in the chervonets, which reverses the history of most paper currencies by being worth less at home than abroad. Before the Revolution, the peasant reckoned that a pood, or thirty-six pounds, of grain bought him a pair of boots, which now cost him the equivalent of twenty-five dollars. Naturally, therefore, he wants more for his wheat, eggs, butter, or other produce. Consequently the Government, with its cumbersome State-trading machinery and high operating costs, cannot export Russian produce at a profit. Last year the harvest was good, probably exceeding that of 1925 by more than three million tons. Yet there is very little to sell. The appearance at Moscow of delegation of business men representing the Harriman group, which took over important Chiaturi manganese concessions from the Soviet Government a year ago last June, started rumors that all was not going well with that enterprise. According to one report, the Harrimans want their taxes, which include heavy export duties and land taxes, reduced. The Government now collects four dollars and sixty-six cents on every ton of ore exported, as compared with about thirty cents in Tsarist times. Other rumors have it that the visitors are negotiating to take over new manganese fields recently discovered by the Soviet mining experts.

Bombay interests are agitating against the proposal to stabilize the rupee at one shilling and

East of Suez sixpence, but the Currency Commission's other recommendations, to establish a reserve bank and a gold

standard, are becoming better understood and popular. India, like other producers of raw materials, has been adversely affected by post-war conditions. As recently as 1925 the average price of her exports was only fifty-four per cent higher than before the war, while the average price of her imports was eighty per cent higher. This disparity is rapidly decreasing, however, and stands at fifty-two per cent and fifty-eight per cent respectively the present year, despite the sluggishness of the jute and cotton markets.

In an important speech the Minister of Finance intimated that the Japanese Government would lift the embargo on gold exports in the near future and thus re-establish the gold standard. The exchange value of the yen is already within that limit. Naturally this will involve the re-organization of the Central Bank along the lines that have been adopted in other countries where the gold standard has been put into effect. The

existing gold embargo rests heavily upon some of Japan's leading industries, and it was recently decided to advance, through two of the leading banks, eleven and one-quarter million dollars and four million dollars respectively to support the silk and the flour market. Although customs duties on imported wheat have been more than doubled, and those upon flour have been raised by more than two thirds, the effect was nullified by the rapid rise of the yen. The fall of silk from twenty-one hundred yen to fourteen hundred yen a bale is also attributed to the rise of the exchange rate, although the fall in the price of silver, which has given Chinese silk an advantage in the world market, is partly responsible for this decline. During October thirty-one Japanese companies reduced their capitalization by over ten million dollars (American currency), and eighty-four companies, with a capitalization of more than twenty-nine million dollars, dissolved. The most marked contraction was in the chemical business. This contraction, however, must be among the weaker firms, for reports from fifteen hundred companies in Japan for the first half of last year show an average net profit of 11.4 per cent. The highest, over twenty-two per cent, was earned by spinning and weaving companies, the next highest by banks, while the iron and steel industries reported only 2.3 per cent.

At the general meeting of the Mexican Railway Company, Ltd., held in London on December 8, the chairman reported that *Latin America* the net profits of the Company during the past six months were about half a million dollars. The Company is extending the electrification of its road, which contains many heavy grades between Vera Cruz and Mexico City.

In spite of the continued depression of the agricultural and live-stock industries in South America, retail business continues good. Harrod's, Ltd., which operates large department stores in Buenos Aires and elsewhere, reports profits for the last year of well toward one and one-half million dollars, after providing for depreciation. Gath and Chaves, Ltd., who also operate a chain of department stores, show trading profits of two and one-quarter million dollars, an increase over the previous year. Brazil is wrestling with a monetary problem. The Chamber has provisionally approved a project to stabilize the paper milreis at a gold value of about twelve cents, and, following the example of Belgium with her *belga*, Poland with her *zlotz*, and Soviet Russia with her *chervonets*, will create a new gold unit to be known as the *cruseiro*, weighing eight thousand milligrammes, equal to four paper milreis.

BRITISH
except
Midw
Quiet
Great
Britai
should
world
appea
abroad
Daily
'a mo
denunc
chauv
newsp
age be
and t
embarr
The U
declare
wealth
isolatin
into M
English
ments
Post th
affecti
'to dis
agreed